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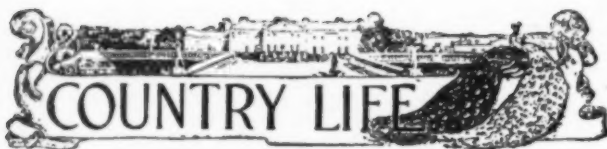


SPEAIGHT.

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THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE PROTECTION OF ANCIENT CHURCHES.

THE last Ancient Monuments Act marked a great advance in the protection of old buildings, but ecclesiastical buildings were expressly excluded from its purview. It is, however, against our parish churches that the waves of vandalism have beaten most fiercely and most effectively. Public opinion was strong enough to secure the appointment, by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, of a Committee to consider the working of the present system of granting faculties for repairs and alterations of Church fabrics. Sir Lewis Dibdin, Sir Alfred Kempe and Sir Charles Chadwyck-Healey have now reported, and their conclusions are satisfactory on the whole. They find that the Consistory Courts, whose duty it is to consider applications for faculties, are singularly ill equipped with suitable powers. Any person whose private interest in a church is touched by a proposed change may oppose an

application, but no representative of the diocese, not even the Bishop himself, can raise a word of protest, nor has the general public any *locus standi*. The Chancellor of the Diocese, sitting as Judge in these matters, is at liberty to ignore all questions of taste and to decide applications without regard to artistic fitness. In twenty-three dioceses out of thirty-six the Court demands that an architect of recognised position shall be employed, and in such cases inevitably relies largely on the views expressed by him. "There exists no uniform or officially recognised machinery by the use of which the Court can obtain skilled and independent advice upon archaeological, architectural and artistic questions." This is a naive confession which justifies, as no words of ours could do, the attitude of the "anti-Restorationist." Can it be wondered that our churches are wrecked by ignorant mishandling, when nothing stands between an ancient building and its mutilation but an explanation given by an architect to a legal personage who probably cares nothing for art or history? The Chancellor is bound to remember that "the primary purpose of a Parish Church is to provide a suitable place for public worship," and no one wishes to fetter the lawful desires of the parishioners to this end, but there is a right way and a wrong way to achieve it. The present system, or lack of system, is responsible for endless mutilations, absolutely unnecessary for the practical purposes of the Church building, and an offence against every canon of æsthetic and archaeological decency. The Committee recognises this and makes some useful recommendations for reform. (1) The parties with *locus standi* before the Court should include not only the Bishop, but any other person or body of persons with the leave of the Court. This would admit the evidence of such vigilant guardians of our monuments as the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. (2) An advisory body should be constituted in every diocese for the assistance of the Court in architectural, archaeological, historical and artistic matters relating to churches as to which faculties are sought. Given a representative body, this safeguard should be adequate to prevent vandalism, but the Committee seems to suggest that it should advise "if and when asked to do so by the Chancellor." We do not like "if and when." The Court should seek this advice as a matter of course. The advisory bodies for each diocese should include representatives appointed by the Society of Antiquaries, the local archaeological society and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

When all is said, this enlarged and bettered procedure will be useless, unless it is made impossible for alterations to be made without faculty. Between 1905 and 1910 work was done without faculty in 101 parishes out of 478, and the Committee makes various recommendations to ensure that this gross abuse shall cease. In the long last everything depends on the Bishop personally. If he will not authorise proceedings when the fabric of a church is mutilated without faculty, if, in fact, he tolerates an architectural anarchy in his diocese, the immunity of the Church from State interference in this matter will need to be reconsidered. The incumbent of the parish for the time being should be regarded in the light of a trustee of his Church for the nation at large as well as for her members. A parish church is an epitome of the history of town or village, and should not be the sport of the idiosyncrasies, and too often the ignorance of the incumbent and churchwardens for the time being. The story written in its stones, once defaced, can never be renewed. We hope that the Archbishops will take care that the trust be performed in the spirit of the Committee's report.

It is necessary to add that the Committee's report deals only with parish, and not with cathedral Churches. Owing to the peculiar constitution of the Establishment, Deans and Chapters are practically immune from episcopal jurisdiction. They are a law unto themselves and can deal with Cathedrals as though they were their personal property. It is happily true that the inclusion in a chapter of some canon of archaeological tastes offers informal safeguards which do not exist in parish Churches, and that the surveyors to some fabrics are men of taste and judgment. Nevertheless safeguards are needed as greatly for Cathedrals as for the humbler Churches and we hope that archbishops will consider what steps may be taken to defend them also from the assaults of the restorer.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



KING GEORGE'S visit to the front and his safe return constitute a complete and faultless incident in the history of the war. It brought the King of England into intimate contact with his troops in action, and at the same time furnished him with an opportunity of reviewing the heroic and war-worn Belgian Army. He performed these duties with a natural and characteristic simplicity. The occasion was very suitable to show the Royal appreciation of distinguished conduct. Everybody will admit that the Garter given to the King of the Belgians is not only an honour to the recipient, but adds lustre to the Order. There is no Knight of the Garter who has more fully earned the coveted distinction by personal bravery, devotion, patriotism and heroic constancy. Equally felicitous was the bestowal of the Order of Merit upon Sir John French. This honour has been in the past very jealously guarded, so that it is a recognition of high merit, and that only. Sir John French will be doubly proud, because in a sense the King's bestowal of it upon him was an acknowledgment that he is the successor of the late Earl Roberts. Sir John French and Earl Kitchener are now the only military commanders who possess this honour. It must have been most gratifying to the King to be able to bestow the Victoria Cross on two of our Indian soldiers, Naik Darwan Sing Negi of the Garhwal Rifles and a Sepoy, who, however, was too ill to receive it.

Lord Sydenham has contributed to the *Times* a measured review of the first four months of the war, which, taking into account the ripened judgment of the writer, should inspire the Allies with a sober but full confidence in the final outcome. The results already achieved are, as Mr. Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, said on Saturday, in advance of what was expected. Lord Sydenham's central point is that Germany has been reduced to the "strategic defensive." Her plan of campaign was shattered when the retreat to the Aisne began, and now she is threatened both on the east and on the west. Lord Sydenham attributes this largely to the fact that the German military leaders allowed political to dominate military considerations when they determined to force a way to Calais. The attempt was frustrated, "and the keen edge and more of the sword of Michael has disappeared and the shining armour is cracked and dulled." The morale of the German Army may still be unshaken—it would be useless to contend that it is not—but the reputation for generalship and the prestige won in 1870-71 "have gone not to be replaced in the present war." In spite of mines laid treacherously under a neutral flag and the daring work of German submarines, the British Fleet is still in unimpaired superiority to the German Fleet; while in the air the pre-eminence is also with us. Lord Sydenham has suggested for comment facts which the Germans themselves would scarcely pretend to dispute, and they give solid assurance for confidence if the successes achieved are followed up resolutely.

Mr. Borden's spirited speech at Toronto will have an excellent effect on the forces of the Entente. According to his statement the Canadian offer was made before war was formally declared, viz., on August 1st, and was accepted on August 6th. The contingent sent over by Canada is described as the largest military force that has ever crossed the Atlantic at one time. It was larger than the Spanish Armada and nearly fifty per cent. more than the total British

troops under Wellington at Waterloo. But Mr. Borden was very far from saying that it had reached its utmost limits. On the contrary, "if the preservation of our Empire demands twice or thrice that number, we shall ask them, and I know Canada will answer the call." The force of this resolution is greatly increased by the clear and telling analysis of the causes of the war by which it was accompanied. When the Germans calculated that as soon as hostilities began disaffection would show itself in our Dominions, they were very much misled. There is no colony in the world that would welcome a change from British to German Government.

Piece by piece the pretence that the war was forced upon Germany and her Allies is being stripped off. During the debate in the Italian Chamber of Deputies last week, Signor Giolitti told how the Austrians prepared an ultimatum to Servia in 1913; that is, before the assassination of the Grand Duke. He read the despatches bearing on the subject, which proved conclusively that the war was planned then, and consequently that the cry of its being a defensive war forced upon the two inoffensive empires of Germany and Austria was merely got up as a plausible excuse for popular consumption. Moreover, at the time Signor Giolitti informed Austria that he would consider such a war entirely outside the Alliance, which was formed for defensive, not offensive purposes. A war forced upon Servia could only be aggressive, and therefore outside the Alliance. This accounts for the fact that both in Germany and in Austria the neutrality of Italy had been discounted beforehand. The main thing, however, is that it proves beyond the admission of a scintilla of doubt that there is no sincerity whatever in the plea that the war is a defensive war on the part of Germany and Austria. It was as deliberately planned as a thing could possibly be, and the pretext that it was anything else was mere dust in the eyes of the vulgar.

KILLED IN ACTION.

(Extract from letter: "There are a lot of our fellows looking on now from the Grand Stand . . . but I hope I shall be allowed to come home.")

Young hope that lived amid that storm and rack!
The hope that out of hell he yet might come
Home to the golden Berkshire commons, back
To those dear walls, familiar faces: home.

He comes not home; he comes no more, no more.
Of that Grand Stand where neither name nor gold
Finds honoured entrance, he has passed the door,
In the last company of all enrolled.

Passionless now he watches, who is gone
So young, so young to be with Death allied;
Earned is his right to be a looker-on,
To see, to judge that thing for which he died.

What does he know now?—that he fell in vain,
A sacrifice to wars without surcease?—
Or does he see, beneath that foughten plain,
Fed by his blood a seed of deathless Peace?

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

On Monday the farmers made their annual excursion to London to attend the Smithfield fat cattle show, and their robust figures and cheerful demeanour show that, in the favourite phrase of the soldiers, they are not downhearted. It was in contemplation at one time to omit the London fat cattle exhibition this year, but the results show that the management were justified in deciding to carry it on. The entries are just about normal. Beef production has not suffered from the European disturbance. As an industry it was not to be expected that it would have been injured, since the outbreak of hostilities has steadily enhanced the price of meat. From the Board of Agriculture's weekly return of market prices we learn that everywhere values are going up, and that in most places a very brisk trade is being done. But, of course, this refers only to animals prepared for the market. If we want to know how the course of events has affected those who work for the purpose of exhibition it is sufficient to pay a visit to Smithfield. There it will be found that the number of fattened beasts compares favourably with that of the years of peace, and that the prize-winners bear witness to the unapproachable skill and industry with which this branch of the farmer's art has been conducted. It is a great show, and will do much to increase the confidence of owners and exhibitors.

From his article in another part of the paper it will be seen that Mr. Denholm Armour, who is as fond of horses as he is of drawing them, has been fascinated with his voluntarily chosen task of conditioning remounts. So much is this the case, so completely is he engrossed with his horses, that it has recently been very difficult to induce him to devote his time to the pencil! For that very reason the article he contributes to this number is of exceptional interest. Mr. Armour has taken up this matter with heart and soul, and his writing is not theoretical, but the fruit of actual experience. Read in connection with the general order issued to the German Army a little while ago, it is extremely instructive. The German authorities have found their horses to be so pampered that they are of very little use on campaign and, in fact, it would appear that they have brought discredit on German cavalry. Mr. Armour thoroughly appreciates the importance of hardening the horses so that they can rough it in the open air instead of being shut up in warm stables. We must leave him to our readers, however, except to take note of the very gratifying fact that after three weeks' experience with twenty-four horses he is thoroughly convinced of the soundness of this boarding-out scheme for imported horses, and pays a compliment to the originator of the idea in COUNTRY LIFE and the Remount Department for adopting the suggestion. This is very satisfactory.

Bloodstock breeders who thought, after the disastrous experiences of the October Sales at Newmarket, that it would be wise to abandon the December Sales this year have found their gloomy forebodings falsified. Panic has given place to quiet confidence that in course of time the market will right itself, and to some belief that normal prices will be restored much sooner than was feared at first. Three hundred and fifty-six horses were sold at Newmarket last week for a total of £78,015, giving an average of about £219. Though this does not seem much in comparison with the prices of the last two years, it is very satisfactory under the circumstances. Still, buyers had the best of it, and many real bargains were secured. Their enterprise will presently reap rich reward, for in due course there is likely to be an even greater demand for the English thoroughbred. Several of those present round the ringside at Newmarket who do not race were sorely tempted to buy certain stout young horses that promise to make good stallions of the type required for breeding hunters. But in the absence of any indication of Government policy they did not care to bid.

The Treasury has made due recognition of the difficulty in which housing authorities have been placed by the rises in cost of building and rates of loan interest. Ten per cent. of the cost of any approved scheme will be given as a free grant; this is a welcome novelty, but it is expressly stated that the terms are subject to alteration from time to time. It is unlikely that the free grant will be continued after the war, and the offer should therefore be grasped without delay. The remaining 90 per cent. will be lent at 4½ per cent. interest in the case of local authorities. Public utility societies can borrow 80 per cent. of the balance at 5 per cent. on a sixty years' annuity, and will thus need to appeal to their shareholders for only one-tenth of the cost of their schemes. It is also announced that the emergency measure, Housing Act No. 2, will only be utilised where exceptional unemployment in the building trade has been caused by the war. Of this there is happily no sign, which means that the Act is practically a dead letter, and that operations will be conducted under the ordinary Housing Acts.

We deal in our leading article with the important report of the Archbishops' Committee on Church Restoration. Some reference is made therein to the memorandum submitted by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, with a list of forty churches "where destructive work has been carried out under a faculty since 1896." The Society seems to have been wrong in detail, inasmuch as the committee is able to retort that in twenty-one cases no faculty was obtained. Some unworthy play is also made with a misprint in the Society's memorandum. It is easy to pick holes of this sort, but nothing the committee may say will lessen our gratitude for the work the Society has done. The Report itself and the drastic changes of procedure therein recommended are justification enough of the Society's attitude and work. Not every antiquary agrees as to the wisdom of all the Society's recommendations and protests, but the fact remains that, but for its splendid work since its foundation by William Morris, there would be hardly a parish church left worth any further protection. The pangs of conscience which the

Church is now feeling, and the tardy repentance of her dignitaries, were begotten by the Society, and the ecclesiastical note should be one of gratitude and not of cavil at misprints.

A contributor in this week's issue makes a suggestion worthy of attention on the part of those who manage theatres. It is that the plan adopted in "The Dynasts" of reciting the story of a play is one that might with advantage be more frequently followed. It would apply particularly to those pieces that possess more of an epic than a dramatic character. Such entertainments at the very beginning were undoubtedly narrative in form, and it has been suggested that the "Odyssey" and the "Iliad" may owe their final shape to successive minstrels who recited them. What one might expect is that a recitation of the narrative accompanied by the representation of the more pertinent and vital scenes would impart a greater sense of reality than is done in the average play of to-day. In these times there is no lack of able dramatists, but it would be idle to deny that they do not convince as much as they used to. Indeed, probability is very often entirely absent from them. Hence, perhaps, the rush to picture shows, which, crude as they are, recover the sense of reality. In all likelihood the success of "The Dynasts" will lead to a wider extension of the method employed, and if the plays for the purpose are carefully selected as being essentially epic or narrative in form, the modification will probably be followed with good results.

FOUR MONTHS.

The trenches are cold, we know,
Those winter days,

In mud or water, fog or snow,
Our soldiers wait a crafty foe
Or charge, with bayonets fixed, and show
How Britain stays.

Yet four months since, those heroes bold,
Wounded and slain,

Were full of life; nothing foretold
Of blood and death, nor trenches cold
(Which they for Right and Freedom hold),
Exhaustion, pain!

"Can those bones live?" was asked in vain
Of Israel's seer,

But we could answer that our slain
Do live, and, in our memory, reign,
As men who reckoned death was gain
For Country dear.

W. WEBSTER.

It is evident that a much more patriotic spirit is being developed among footballers. The honour of leading the way must be accorded to those from Scotland. Representatives of the Scottish Football Association have placed themselves completely in the hands of the War Office. In an interview with Mr. Tennant they expressed the willingness of their association to give up for the period of the war both International matches and Cup ties. This was the proper spirit. It has been followed up by the Aston Villa directors, who have issued a very excellent and energetic recruiting appeal. We regret that the Council of the English Football Association have decided to continue the Cup competition. Their financial argument is not sound. If they are acting in the interests of the game they will do well to adopt the suggestion made in the *Times*, that, instead of these Cup competitions, they should arrange a system of matches between different units in the New Army. These would be very popular.

We have referred more than once to the uncertainty in which the fate was involved of Lieutenant Beevor and of his passenger, Lord Annesley, as a result of their flight across Channel on November 5th. That uncertainty has now been determined. Towards the end of November it was reported that three Taube aeroplanes had been brought down by the British. The pilot of one was killed, but the occupants of the others—all German officers—were taken prisoners. They communicated the sad news that on November 5th a British aeroplane had been brought down at Ostend. Both pilot and passenger were dead when it came to ground. One was identified as Lieutenant Beevor. The name of the other was not known to the officers. There is no doubt whatever that that other was Lord Annesley. The goal at which their flight was aimed was Dunkirk. Some haze lay over the French coast, and in all probability the aviators steered too far north and paid the penalty with their lives.

CORMORANTS.

IT was during three of the hottest days in the early part of June of this year that I had the opportunity of studying and photographing two small colonies of cormorants nesting at Scilly—the first on the Islet of Merrewethan, one of the eastern group, and the second on Meledgan, one of the western isles. Making an early start from St. Mary's with Jim Pearce, the boatman, who, apart from being an adept at sailing his little craft, is by way of being an ardent aviculturist, we reached Meledgan, one of the breeding haunts of the Grey Seal, in good time to have a fairly long day with the cormorants prior to a night on Annet. In order to see the petrels and shearwaters leave in the early hours of the morning. Looking out one of the only two nests which remained, with the young still at home and of an age likely to stay for two or three days, we erected a hide about 5ft. from the nest, which was a matter of some



SURVEYING THE FISHING GROUND.

little difficulty owing to the uneven ground and proximity of other nests, which, although the young had left, were being used from time to time as the late inhabitants thought fit. One of the greatest drawbacks to anyone with at all sensitive olfactory nerves working on this class of bird is the appalling smell of decayed fish, pieces of which were strewn about on the ground rather too plentifully; and this is in conjunction with the fact that one has of necessity to limit the size of one's hide in order to disturb the birds as little as possible, and also to contend with the heat of a fierce sun, seated, perhaps, on odd-shaped and uncomfortable pieces of rock for long stretches. The few occasions on which it is necessary to come out of hiding for slight alterations of camera, gear, etc., or those which make it imperative, such as cramp and violent "pins and needles"

in various parts of one's anatomy, come as a pleasant change, and, after a stretch of one's limbs and a short



H. Willford

NOTHING SPILT.

Copyright.

breathing space, back to purgatory; but all discomforts are easily forgotten when, after dinner, on developing the exposures (for, whenever possible, I like to do so the same night), perhaps many, or at least some, successful results are secured to carry back home and remind one of various incidents seen in the lives of our wondrous feathered world.

The nests are mostly built of dead mallow stems and are in the open, between rocks, but not often under them, on these islands dotted about at fairly regular intervals. The young of this, my particular nest, consisted of two only—the average number of each brood being three—and they were fed at intervals of from one to two hours; the old birds, seldom remaining away longer, would arrive usually straight from the sea, alighting on a rock some few yards away, the young meanwhile making a loud series of squeaks and stretching their snake-like necks in anticipation; the old bird would



THE HIDE AND THE NEST.

then flop down to another rock a little nearer and, with an undignified waddle, proceed to the edge of the nest and, after giving one or two convulsive jerks, open its beak and envelop the whole of the young bird's head and neck in its spacious gullet, and through the skin of the adult's neck could be plainly



WHICH SHALL HAVE IT?



H. Willford,

THE LUCKY ONE MAKING A START.

Copyright.



THE CONCEALMENT OF THE HIDE.

seen, the action of the young bird feeding on the half-digested fish in its parent's crop. Usually only one bird was fed at

whereas when their own parents come near, up go the snake-like necks accompanied by their pigeon-like squeaks. The

drive away another young one twice their size, that had come to the edge of their nest, with the most evil-sounding snappings of beaks in the manner of a snake striking.

In one of the photographs will be seen the tent in position but previous to being covered, and also the nest containing the two young with one of the adults in the distance. These tents were surrounded with a wall of large stones covered with dried seaweed, mallow, etc. It seems curious to the human observer how the young are able to distinguish their parents, but this they do even when they are some distance off, as is apparent by the lack of interest taken in strangers,



H. Willford.

THE SOLACE OF A GOOD CRY.

Copyright.

each visit, the second bird having to wait; but no difficulty occurred, as it was always the one that was most hungry, and, therefore, most persistent in its efforts to obtain food, that got fed. One thing that struck me as being rather curious was the inquisitiveness of the razorbills, puffins and herring gulls. At feeding time they would get as near to the nest as possible—that is, each according to his courage; but I failed to see their purpose, for there was not the slightest chance, I should think, of their coming in for any of the cormorant's food.

Young cormorants appear to be by nature very playful, and during the intervals between feeding and sleeping spend many hours in friendly wrestling with one another's beaks and flapping their flightless wings as if for the very joy of living; but, at the same time, they are determined fighters, and as proof of which I witnessed the two young of my nest

cormorant is to be found fairly plentifully round all our coasts and might well say with Byron's Corsair:

O'er the dark waters of the dark blue sea

Far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home.

Like the Corsair, too, he is subjected to a good deal of opposition—not to say persecution—from mankind in general. The cormorant is not a bird that lends itself to sentimental consideration. On land it is ungainly, though no bird can exceed it in grace and agility in the water. Moreover, its sombre colouring and snake-like head give it a sinister appearance, apt to prejudice a superficial observer. Add to this the crime of being a fish eater, and the fisher-folk's prejudice against the poor bird will be readily understood.

H. WILLFORD.

"THE DYNASTS."

LONG after the last curtain had fallen on "The Dynasts" the words of one of the songs kept repeating themselves in my brain. It was the Second Boatman's Song of Trafalgar, a dark, ironic lilt for which Mr. Sharp has found a tune that fits it like a glove, a lilt that tells how after the fight at Trafalgar the ship carrying Nelson's body, and other of the combatant vessels "Were beating up and down the dark sou-west of Cadiz Bay," and goes on to resolve the glory and the pain of victory and defeat into a welter of poor men fighting the elements.

The victors and the vanquished then the storm it tossed and tore
As hard they strove those worn out men upon that surly shore
Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes from near and far,
Were rolled together on the deep that night at Trafalgar

The Deep
The Deep
That night at Trafalgar.

And before that we had been made to realise by means of a very effective kind the heroism and tenderness of Nelson. His death brought tears to the hardest eye. That has to be realised before it is possible to understand the impression produced by the song. In it is essentialised the spirit of the play, which lies in showing the unimportance of man and his deeds, even his heroisms, a new version of the preacher's cry "Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity."

No ordinary methods could possibly have produced the effect. The book is of stupendous size. It is accurately described by its author as in three parts, nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes. In addition to an enormous list of human personages in it, there are immaterial beings, spirits and choruses of the Pities, the Ironies, spirits sinister and ironic, spirits of rumour and so on—a chaos of grey, sad poetry, a chronicle of ten years' war. Mr. Granville Barker with the wizardry of genius has evoked a cosmos from this chaos. He has fixed upon three salients to each of which an act is allotted. They are Trafalgar, the Peninsular War, and Waterloo, with Nelson, Napoleon and Wellington as the corresponding figures. Even so it would have been hopeless to make an ordinary three act drama of it, so the playwright returns to an ancient and simple method.

In a wooden box seat facing the audience sits a "reader," possessed of a fine resonant voice, a thorough understanding of what he has to do and a rare capacity for reading aloud. He is the scald, or minstrel, who, aided by two grey clad Divinities throned respectively on his right hand and on his left and entered in the bill as the Chorus, Strophe and Anti-strophe, relates the chronicle. Henry Ainley plays the part with a vigour that increases with the demand made upon it, and he well can make the clash and fury of his vocables suggest the clash and fury of a fight. It is he that holds the audience spell-bound, and the stage work only illustrates his narrative. Strophe and Anti-strophe—the grey Chorus—assist him, and so does the stage, which ever and anon raises its curtain to show a realistic peep, a vignette, or a glimpse of the action. But his greatest helper is the unseen but greatly felt influence of the war. The crisis of a hundred years ago has re-arisen with the actors changed, but the issue the same, and it is strange to hear on the stage the place-names that have stirred pride and anxiety during the last few months—Charleroi, Mons, Namur, Brussels, Waterloo. A hundred years ago our forefathers took the danger of invasion more seriously than we do to-day, and one of the earliest scenes of the play is that where two old men of Wessex are seen at guard over the Rainbarrows' Beacon, just as the dramatist of 2014 may show London darkened as a precaution against Zeppelins.

The subject may suggest a great patriotic drama, but the poet has gone deeper than that. His Ironies and Pities are invoked because the great conflicts of those ten years are recognised to be no more and no less than great wars which broke out in the earlier history of the world and passed and left scarcely a trace behind. Napoleon fails and still "the pale pathetic peoples plod on." The dramatist's aim is illustrated in the final chorus, which makes the play end on a note of hope.

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were
Consciousness the Will informing, till it fashion all things fair!

Mr. Granville Barker had a difficult task before him. This was to select from the poem those portions which would make a consecutive narrative and play. He has done so

with the very greatest skill. First of all by seizing upon the great and familiar names of that stirring epoch, and in the second place by choosing from the vast heap of material those scenes which show the poet's peculiar powers at their very best. They are scenes to make us realise the sadness and misery of warfare. Cowards and deserters play a part as conspicuous as that played by brave men and heroes. On the Continent we get a picture of war horrors that could not be exceeded during the present conflict, and at home the rustics, waiting for the hero's return, or at least the return of his body, make grim jests about the pickle in which it had been preserved, and sing the song of which we have quoted a verse. And yet there is preserved among them a sense that something great has been accomplished. In their own inarticulate way they feel just as Pitt did when he made his memorable utterance at the Guildhall, to the effect that he had not saved Europe, but Europe had saved herself by her exertions. The general effect of it all is a great stirring of thought and emotion and a visualisation of the actual desolations and scenes of war. One comes away from the theatre exactly as one might have come away from Louvain after it had been visited by the Germans, and to say that is the greatest tribute we can pay to the imaginative force of the poet. An obvious suggestion is that the method of presentation here adopted might with advantage be employed in regard to all plays which have the character of a novel or romance, that is to say, those that are epic in character and framed, as the early stories were, for recital.

P.

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW.

IN spite of the war the Cattle Show at Smithfield opened very auspiciously. There was a large number of interested visitors and the entries were quite up to the average, which is saying a good deal for such troublesome times as we are living in. The King showed a very good example by entering stock on a large scale both from Windsor and Sandringham. He was also very successful, winning no fewer than four first prizes, eight seconds, five thirds and the champion for the best single pig. His Berkshire pigs did very well indeed, as, in addition to the championship, he showed the best pair of Berkshire pigs, which won both the first and the cup. His other first prizes were for a Devon heifer and a Hereford heifer. The battle for the championship in the cattle classes was, as usual, very keen, and upset previous form. At Norwich Mr. W. M. Cazalet had been successful with his steer Newtonian, the reserve being his shorthorn heifer Cadboll Mina, the champion and reserve thus going to the same owner. The latter came into competition with Mr. Cridlan's Estelle of Maisemore for the Cup for the best heifer and won. At the Birmingham Fat Stock Show the champion was found in a Hereford steer belonging to Sir J. R. G. Cotterell, the reserve being Sir. Richard Cooper's cross-bred heifer Elita. At Smithfield things turned out very differently, as Mr. J. J. Cridlan's Estelle of Maisemore was awarded the championship. Whereas at Birmingham she had to be content with the Breed Cup and the Maisemore Cup, and the reserve for the Hundred Guinea Cup, at Smithfield she won the Breed Cup, the Plate as best heifer, the Hundred Guinea Championship Plate as best beast in the show, and the King's Challenge Cup for the best beast bred by the exhibitor. Furthermore, as Mr. Cridlan had already won the King's Challenge Cup three times during the last five years, it now becomes his property. Before this occurred there was a very keen struggle as the judges, Mr. G. Harrison and Mr. R. H. Keene, were divided in opinion between the merits of Mr. Cridlan's heifer and the Norwich champion. It was only on the decision of Mr. W. Harden, the referee, that the verdict was finally passed in favour of Mr. Cridlan's heifer. In the opinion of the majority of experts the decision was the right one, but it would be useless to deny that there was certain dissent. The reserve to Mr. Cridlan's heifer was a very fine animal belonging to Colonel Charles McInroy, called Burn Kathie, who was champion at Edinburgh early in the year. The Breed Cups were won as follows: Devon, Mr. Charles Morris; Hereford, Sir J. R. G. Cotterell; Shorthorn, Mr. W. M. Cazalet; Sussex, Mr. Ambrose Gorham; Red poll, Mr. A. Carlyle Smith; Aberdeen Angus, Mr. J. J. Cridlan; Galloway, Mr. Alfred Palmer; Welsh, Mr. R. M. Greaves; Highland, the Earl of Durham; crossbred, Sir Richard Cooper-Bart.; Kerry or Dexter, the Hon. Mrs. Claud Portman; and small crossbred, the Hon. Mrs. Claud Portman.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

OUR TED.

BY

M. E. FRANCIS.



OUR Ted had come home for his first visit to his family since he "j'ined," and now stood before them in all the glory of his new khaki. He was a big, loose-limbed, rather soft-looking fellow, if the truth must be told, but in the eyes of his admiring relatives a very hero. An expert might have detected that his puttees were put on in a rather slovenly fashion; his cap had in some inexplicable manner managed to slip more to the back of the head than is customary among latter-day warriors; his belt was unevenly buckled and the collar of his coat was unfastened. But Grandma and Mother and Aunt Jinny, who had walked five miles to greet the only lad of the family on this his first home-coming, could find nothing amiss; and Cousin Jane Perkins, who was always given her full title to distinguish her from Aunt Jinny, was obliged to wipe her eyes when she looked at him, for it seemed that "Our Ted" was the very "spit and image" of a certain Cousin Joe who had "gone and 'listed just before the Crimea War."

"I've heerd Mother talk o' him many a time," said Jane Perkins. "She'd ha' wed him only for their bein' kin; and we've got his p'cter hangin' up in our front parlour—one o' them theer glass photographs, you know, and 'tis the very image o' Ted."

Ted was highly elated. He had heard of Jane Perkins' cousin, Joe, "as had been made a surgeant in the Crimea War and had got killed out there in Roosia."

"'Tis to be 'oped as nothin' bad 'ull happen to our lad, though," said Mother, and her pleasant face grew pale at the thought.

"Eh, dear, 'tis to be 'oped not," quavered Granny from her corner. "I never was for our Ted 'listin', and so I told ye at the time, Martha. But you wouldn't be said by me."

"The lad hissel' wasn't so set on goin' neither, that ye couldn't ha' stopped him," said Aunt Jinny, looking reprovingly at her sister.

"Eh, well, I'm sure I didn't want him to go," rejoined she, tearfully.

Ted looked from one to the other, his good-humoured face becoming suddenly sober.

"'Twas my own doin'," he observed in a resolute tone. "I bethought mysel' and I unbethought mysel' a long time first."

"Ye did," agreed Aunt Jinny, "and 'tis my belief if your mother had put it to ye plain as you was her only son—the only lad in the family and 'twas your dooty to stop at home wi' her, 'tis my belief you'd ha' 'earkened to her."

Ted took off his cap and threw it on the table, and a lock of his short, whitey brown hair immediately stood upright—all the hair grease in the world would not make Ted's feather lie flat.

"Nay," he said, "I bethought mysel' and I unbethought mysel', I tell ye, a long time I did. And one mornin'—about five o'clock, I think it was, it coomed to me plain as 'twas my dooty to go—so I went and I'm glad I did."

"And how are you gettin' on wi' the other soldiers?" asked his mother, after a pause.

"Eh, well enough," said Ted, without very much enthusiasm; "it takes a bit o' learnin', you know, the drill does, and marchin' and that—first day I thought my feet 'ud drop off." He paused, looked ruminatively at his boots as though to ascertain that their contents were indeed intact, then added, "but I'm reet now."

"And do they give ye good mate?" asked Cousin Jane Perkins, who was fond of her own meals.

"Pretty fair," said Ted, "I'm noan clemmed."

"And are ye still sleepin' on the ground?" asked his mother, anxiously.

"We are that," rejoined Ted, "but we have a blanket apiece now. When I j'ined first there was one to three men and there was soom fightin' I can tell ye; but we're reet now," he added, concluding with his favourite formula.

"Fightin'?" said Grandma. "That's bad. Ye ought to keep from fightin' till ye meet the Germans."

"I'd ha' thought the officers 'ud see there was no carryings on o' that mak," went on the mother in scandalised tones. "The King's Regiment and all."

Ted's face expanded in a slow grin. "There are soom carryin's on as 'ud surprise you," he remarked; "Ah, they would. First night as I was agate o' sayin' my prayers there was a chap sweerin' so in the next tent I couldn't get through wi' 'em."

"Sweerin'," ejaculated his mother. "I didn't think that 'ud be allowed."

"The officers sweers then," said Ted. "You should hear soom o' them, and our surgeant's a caution."

"Well, Martha, I said ye didn't ought to let him go," exclaimed Jinny, severely.

"Eh, but they don't all sweer," said Ted, "and them as does I welly believe 'tis for our good they does it. Soom o' they chaps is awful careless."

"But you do say your prayers, Ted, all the same?" queried his mother, anxiously.

"Aye, I do," said Ted, "there's jest time for 'em on my way to parade in the mornin'—but they're short ones," he added; "the 'Amen' has to coom when surgeant says 'shun!'"

"I'd advise ye to say gradely prayers if ye don't want to get killed," advised Granny Davies, severely. "I never heerd the like o' not lettin' a decent lad have time for 'em."

"Ah, it seems a wonderful thing that he shouldn't be let go down on his knees for a few minutes," agreed Aunt Jinny. "I doubt, Martha, the lad 'ull be put to it to keep straight if these here ways is allowed i' the army."

"Eh, my lad 'ull keep straight enough," said Mrs. Draper, and she suddenly threw her arms round Ted's neck. "The Almighty sees as he's doin' his best and He'll not forsake him."

"Well," agreed Ted, modestly, as he detached himself from his mother's embrace after a perfunctory hug in true boyish fashion, "I'll not deny as I'm doin' my best, but many a lad does that and gets killed all the same. Ye must just take your chance."

"But ye'll try not to get killed!" cried all his relations in an anxious chorus.

Ted was willing to oblige them so far. He said he would try not to get killed.

Cousin Jane Perkins burst into Mrs. Draper's kitchen; Granny Davies was dozing in the corner over a monstrous sock, which was destined one day for Ted's wear; Aunt Jinny was kneading bread; Mrs. Draper might be heard humming to herself as she bent over the dolly-tub in the adjacent washing-house.

"Eh, poor souls," cried Cousin Jane Perkins, pausing and looking round with starting eyes, while her hard-featured face worked ominously. "Ye haven't heerd then?"

"Heerd what?" cried Jinny, stopping short with her knuckles still embedded in the dough.

"Martha," cried Granny, waking with a start. "Martha, ye're wanted."

Mrs. Draper hurried in, wiping her soapy arms on her apron. "What's to do?" she enquired, and the colour which hard work had brought to her face suddenly fled.

"Haven't ye seen paper then?" asked Cousin Jane Perkins in a choked voice.

"Eh, nobody's had time to go for paper yet," rejoined Aunt Jinny.

"It's summat about Ted," cried Martha. "Eh, Cousin Jane, don't go to tell me as summat's gone wrong wi' my lad."

"Eh, I never thought o' you not gettin' paper, or I'd ha' broke it to you more gradual-like," said Cousin Jane, beginning to tremble. "I haven't seed it mysel' yet. 'Twas Mrs. Lightfoot told me."

"He's killed then, I suppose," said Martha in a low voice. She mechanically finished wiping her arms and stood still for

a moment as though to grapple with the idea, and then threw her apron over her head.

Granny Davies came tottering forward, clutching at the table and chairs to steady herself. Her old face was set into stern lines. "Ye don't mean to tell me, Jane Perkins," she said, "as they've took and killed our only lad."

Aunt Jinny burst into shrill cries. "I know'd nothin' good 'ud come o' his 'listin'," she sobbed. "I tow'd ye at the time, Martha—but, eh dear, I'll noan cast up at ye now."

Martha's thin shoulders heaved convulsively, but after a moment or two she drew down her apron and gazed fixedly at the visitor. "Are ye quite sure, Cousin Jane?" she said. "'Tis the numbers they go by, generally speakin'. Them papers be so smudgy-like there might easy be a mistake."

"I dunno about that," rejoined Cousin Jane, unwillingly. "'Twas Mrs. Lightfoot told me. Says she, 'Eh,' she says, 'I'm sorry for Mrs. Draper and all the family,' says she. 'I hear your Ted's name's in the paper this mornin'."

Aunt Jinny shook her head slowly, for this announcement confirmed her worst fears, but Martha caught at what seemed to be a straw of hope.

"Eh, she hadn't seen the paper herself then? There mid very likely be a mistake!" Her hollow eyes turned from one to the other of the sorrowful faces. "Or he might only be wounded," she went on, with a gasp.

"Aye, he might be that," agreed Cousin Jane Perkins, dubiously.

Aunt Jinny clasped her floury hands. "Eh, 'tis to be hoped as he hasn't fell into the hands of the enemy," she cried. "They're awful cruel, they Germans—ye never know what they might be doin' to him."

"I'd almost rather think he's gone altogether nor that," said Granny, falteringly.

"Even if he was a prisoner and not wounded," said Aunt Jinny, "it's much if they'd feed the poor lad. I read in the paper as the English prisoners goes awful short—and our Ted were allus a hearty lad."

"Give over do!" cried Martha, almost querulously. "If ye had a bit o' feelin' for me, Jinny, ye'd go an' get me a paper instead o' standin' theer talkin'. Then we'd know—it 'ud be better to know."

"Ye might ha' thought to bring a paper wi' ye, Cousin Jane," said Aunt Jinny, turning to the visitor: "Martha's reet. 'Tis better to know nor to be moiderin' ourselves thinkin' of what misfortun' has come to our lad. The one seemin' wor' nor t'other."

"Well, ye know 'tis a three mile walk to the village," rejoined Miss Perkins in an aggrieved tone. "I thought it 'ud be kinder to coom straight here as soon as I heerd. I'm sure I don't know who told Mrs. Lightfoot wi'out 'twas baker. What she said to me was, 'I hear your Ted's name's in the paper,' she said."

At this moment a cheery whistle sounded on the flagged path without, and a martial tread approached, followed by a rap at the door. Granny nodded sideways and jerked her tongue as a sign that Jinny was to open it.

Sergeant Wills, whose washing at that moment reposed in Mrs. Draper's dolly-tub, and who was, in fact, a friend of the family, presently stood on the threshold, his tanned face wreathed in smiles. "Hullo, whatever are ye all crying for in here?" he asked. "I was just steppin' in to give ye joy. Haven't ye seen paper this morning?"

The women, huddling together, gaped at him.

"Why, your lad's name's in the paper," went on the sergeant, "your lad's mentioned in despatches."

"And what might that mean?" gasped the mother, for the man's tone and look filled her with trembling hope.

"Mentioned in despatches for conspicuous gallantry," answered Sergeant Wills, pompously. "There now! Why, I looked to find you all cuttin' capers in here. Here's the paper; ye can see it for yourselves. Private Edward Draper, — Battalion, King's Liverpool Regiment, for conspicuous gallantry. He'll be gettin' the V.C., I shouldn't wonder."

"I knowed he were a brave lad," said Granny, wiping her eyes.

Aunt Jinny and Cousin Jane seized the paper between them, gloating over the words in spite of the fact that they scarcely understood

their import; but the mother stood with her hands pressed to her breast, her heart too full to speak; her lad was safe.

When Corporal Edward Draper came home some weeks later to convalesce after treatment in hospital for a shrapnel wound, he told them how his name had managed to get into the papers. "'Twas jist a bit o' luck," he said. "We were retiring after Mons, the enemy after us as hard as he could come, and one o' my pals dropped—hit in the leg, he was, and couldn't move. He wasn't a very big chap, so I jist put him on my back and carried him till we got to a safe place. There wasn't much i' that."

"Well, 'twas very thoughtful o' ye," said Aunt Jinny.

"I didn't miss him at first," he went on, "and I got pretty near bein' knocked over by the Germans when I went back to fetch him."

"Eh," said Mother, "but that was awful dangerous."

"Eh, but I couldn't leave him layin' there to be trampled over by the German cavalry, could I?" said Ted. "I 'ad to do the best I could, ye know, and we was reet at arter."

BIRD-CAGE COLLECTING.

CURIO hunting has long been a pursuit of pleasure to the enthusiast; it has taken him into back streets and country alleys, courtyard and kitchen jumble sales and market stalls, in search of brass, pewter, silver and old china. Such wares all find a speedy customer. Furniture items, from the early Jacobean to the mid-Victorian, are equally fortunate in their demands, but the humble bird-cage has passed unnoticed. Its luck has been to be thrown in with "job lots" of frying-pans and mouse traps, with an occasional broken paraffin lamp. Its collector has not yet come into existence, and its



AN OLD ENGLISH BIRD-CAGE SHOP.



EARLY XV CENTURY CAGE.



DUTCH CAGE, 1600.



PAINTED SILVER CAGE (LOUIS XI).

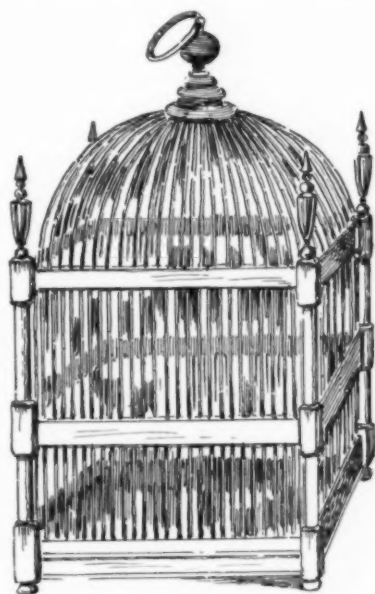
history likewise is unwritten. Here, then, is the opportunity for a new craze that will afford one as much pleasure as old furniture. It will be found an international quest, for the designs of each nation are as distinct and varied as their styles of architecture.

As far back as knowledge goes, the cage was a shrine for the sacred bird. The early tribes of the North American Indians housed the eagle in a rude cage, which was reverently attended by a holy man, who carefully collected the bird's cast-off feathers and made them into the ceremonial head-dresses of the chiefs, to be worn on occasions becoming their sanctity. The ancient Egyptians domesticated their birds without the use of a cage, like some of the savage tribes of Africa, whose feathered pets accompany them on their expeditions. Birds and their cages in later days formed an important decoration in the Courts of Europe. In France documents abound where references are made to the payments of artists employed to paint bird-cages for the Royal Family. One record in 1451 has it that forty pieces of pewter were paid to artists for painting the cages of birds for Queen Isabella, and much the same sort of reference is made in a document dated 1448. Louis XI adorned his *salon* with birds in cages, which were hung surrounded by lustres

of cut glass; the cages were made of silver and beautifully painted round the base with rural subjects.

In 1660 the bird-cage makers of France formed a guild, and the cult of the bird rapidly spread throughout the country. They made what were known as singing cages and silent cages—the former designed to enable the bird to perch high and, so encouraged, to produce his song; the silent cage was low in the roof, which had the reverse effect of the more lofty one. But the fancy of birds was not confined to our neighbours across the seas, for in England one is reminded of the fact that Charles II kept a considerable collection of birds along with a menagerie, as his father and grandfather did before him. The long avenue in St. James's Park familiar as Bird Cage Walk is still reminiscent of Charles' favourite pastime of feeding his birds and attending to their cages, "whilst the common people looked on with great pleasure at seeing him so simply employed."

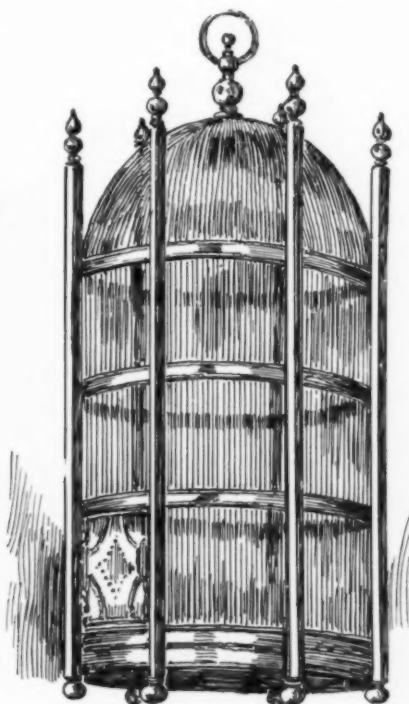
In Holland the cage builder adopted a style of design characteristic of the Dutch architecture; in fact, it is interesting to watch how the architecture of the nations was reflected in the designing of those homes for feathered pets. The Dutch elaborated their cages with carving and inlaid them with picture tiles;



FRENCH CAGE, XVII CENTURY.



JAPANESE INSECT CAGE.

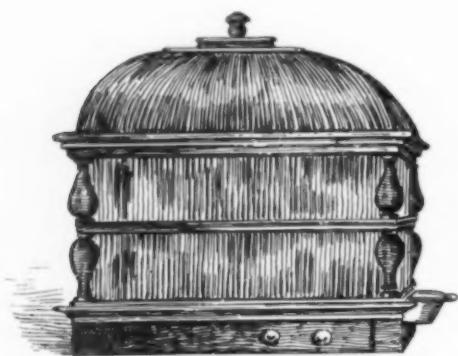


DUTCH PARROT CAGE.



REED CAGE FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

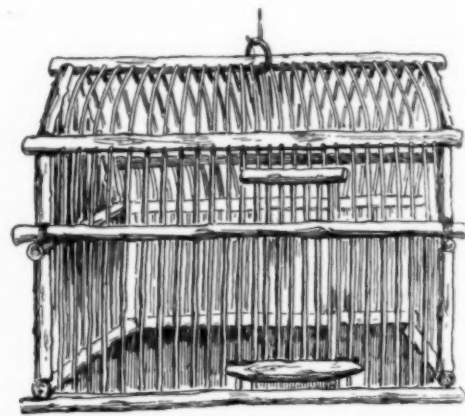
others, again, were made of hammered brass with freely turned woodwork. The example illustrated dates from 1600, and though simple in design is beautiful in its simplicity; the top part is semicircular, and the carving is suggestive of the rising sun, which the Dutch were very fond of introducing into their



FLEMISH CAGE, XVII CENTURY.



OLD FLEMISH PARROT PERCH.



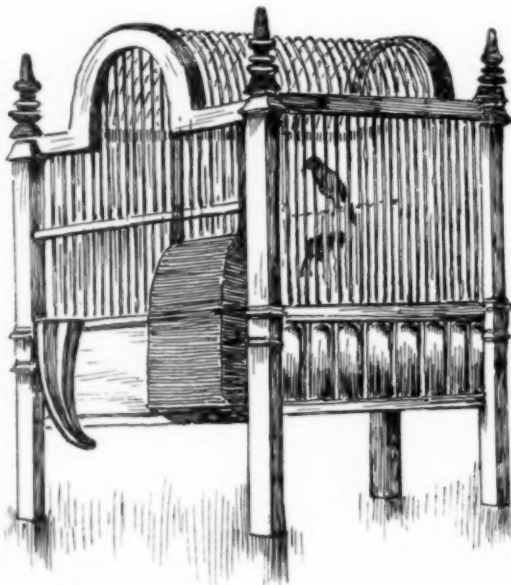
REED CAGE FROM MEXICO.

carving designs. The parrot cage is of brass, with a designed door of the same metal in repoussé; it is supported by four turned uprights, and was generally slung from the beams that supported the roof. Those cages were frequently introduced into the interior paintings of the old Dutch masters, and can be seen repeatedly in Steen's and Vermeer's familiar pictures of homely revelry.

The Flemish cages are much akin to their neighbours of the Netherlands, although simpler and more squat in design. The parrot perch is interesting, as it is quite distinct from the upright stand on which the polly in England is accustomed to perch and twist round, with its food boxes at either end. The Flemish rather resembles in form the rustic shrines familiar on the country roads of the Continent. It was hung against the wall and the parrot amused himself by pulling up his seed pot, which is suspended by a cord in front of the tray. The early Spanish example differs completely in shape from the cages just described. Here we have the suggestion of the curves and pinnacles of the Alhambra. It is panelled on both sides and brilliantly decorated in colour. The drinking water is contained in a horn and the rather clumsy seed box hangs pendent. The Germans, as is well known, have long been bird fanciers, and their cages have much in common with the French. They are mostly dome-shaped with angular woodwork, and highly suitable for singing birds. The Chinaman is a skilled cage-maker and displays great ingenuity aided by the flexibility of the bamboo in reproducing the designs of his temples, like the Japanese, who not only build cages for singing birds, but also for singing insects. They are of various shapes and sizes, some square, others round, and are repeatedly introduced



BIRD-CAGE FROM THE AZORES.



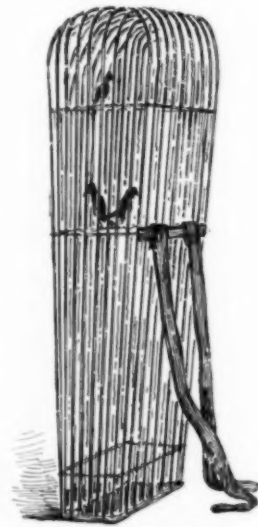
SPANISH CAGE.

into their colour prints. The kirigirisu is the favourite insect for captivity and is equivalent to the English cricket, whose note was such a pleasure to Mr. Caleb Plummer in Dickens' story. To jump from Japan to the Azores,

one gets an example which is contrary to the work of the nimble fingers of the yellow man. It is octagonal in shape and made rudely of cane and reed although at the same time highly artistic. It is much like the work of the Philippine Islanders, only instead of the square lines of the Spanish, it is pagoda-like in design. The Mexican craftsmen produce a long-shaped cage, the main supports of which are of wood stitched through with reeds, which form the cage work and resemble more a case for packing fruit in than a cage for birds. England has not produced cages which are at all characteristic of the country. The skylark's is, perhaps, the only example, and it has been condemned by most naturalists as a cruelty to the birds who are doomed to pine in some dingy street. One naturalist describes it as "a den with a wooden roof, painted green outside and white, very white, within, which, in bitter mockery, is called a skylark's cage. He keeps moving his wretched wings and beating them against the wires, and pants

for an upward flight into the free air. To delude him into the recollection that there are such places as fields they cut a dried-up turf, which is presented to the skylark as a refreshment for its parched feet; miserable as the winged creature is, he feels that there is something resembling grass under him and he looks upward and warbles and expects his mate."

The linnet is another martyr, for it is contended by dealers that by contracting the cages their motions are arrested and their singing powers developed. The cage adopted for the chaffinch has a solid back and sides, the front and top alone being wired, and are mostly used for show purposes. The idea is that as the plumage of its breast is the beautiful part of the bird he will naturally always turn to the front of the cage. The Spitalfields weavers supplied most Londoners with singing birds and cages. The art of the latter they probably

PAPAGINO'S CAGE.
From an old print of "The Magic Flute."

inherited from their ancestors who were driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Among themselves they held singing matches, which were determined by the burning of an inch of candle. Their fanciful cages hanging at the latticed windows were one of the sights of Spitalfields.

One sees, therefore, that the bird cage has been a subject of neglected interest. There is no doubt that it will afford the collector as much pleasure as the hunt for pewter pots; it will take him into the highways and byways at home and abroad, and his collection will be as varied as there are styles of architecture.

LOUIS WEIRTER.

THE ARCTIC CHAR.

THE Arctic char, though one of the handsomest and the most sporting of the salmonidæ, is a fish very little known, but he is found in such magnificent surroundings, and I have spent so many happy days in his society, that I think a short description of him may be of interest. These fish abound in the fjords on the north-west Coast of Norway and Iceland. I have heard of their being killed eleven pounds weight in Spitsbergen and seven pounds in the Alten River, but in the Bindal River, lat. 65, which I have fished for twenty-four years, and which, I believe, is the southernmost river where these char are found, I have never killed one heavier than five pounds. They frequent the fjords and rivers, coming out of the deep water in April and ascending the rivers, I believe, on every tide, as far up as the stream is affected by the tide. About two miles up our river the main stream is diverted by the rising tide into a channel connecting the river with a large inland lake, the length of this being about a mile and the width from sixty to one hundred yards; in this there is constant flow to and from the lake on the rising and falling tide. Here the char fishing is at its best, and while we wait on the bank till the strong incoming stream slackens, let me dwell for a moment on the glorious surroundings.

The best of char fishing is that they take most freely, and are in their liveliest mood in bright weather. A cloudless sky, water like glass or just ruffled by a passing sweet breath from the fjeld—such is ideal char weather. Here a broad expanse of flat ground, pink and white with thrift and grass of parnassus, reaches from the forest and touches the stream with a gravel beach. On the left are the splendid battlements of granite and limestone, which border the lake and are mirrored in the water at our feet, where a pair of white-tailed eagles and a pair of ravens have nested for years. On the right a valley runs up to the purple cliffs of the high fjeld, now tipped with snow, towering over the fir woods whose dark masses are tempered with the tender green of the birches and aspens, a view which fills one at once with awe and peace. The silence is only broken by the occasional wild cry of the redshanks, who nest at the edge of the forest, by a whirr overhead as a few golden-eye pass swiftly to the lake, or by the splash of a pair of mergansers settling to feed in the shallows.

But now the incoming tide is slackening, and though so far the char have made no sign, I know they are there, waiting for the rise of the "marflue," a small shrimp, which comes to the surface on the first of the outgoing stream, and on which char feed ravenously. Endless discussions among my friends, who have fished for char, have left nothing decided, but after twenty years careful watching I am certain that they come up every day on the tide—or, rather, as soon as the strength of the stream slackens—"feed their fill" and go back again with the ebb. Many, no doubt, remain in the deep, still pools of the lake or river, but not to feed, as a char always moves as it feeds, going fairly quickly up and down stream. He takes in a curious way; he does not rush as a salmon or sea-trout, but takes quietly, and in clear water I have often seen them suck my fly in and out again in a moment, so one has to be very careful and feel for the least pull, then strike quickly, but not too hard. When hooked, he is very strong and active and a hard fighter, seldom, if ever, coming to the top, never splashing or jumping like a sea-trout. One has to fish with small flies, and the finest tackle consistent with battling with a strong fish. They are essentially capricious beasts, one day taking readily, another day one may fish for hours with hundreds of fish rising all round and never get a pull. As to the best fly, it is difficult to say; the first year nothing would do but a red drake, teal wing, the next year they would not touch this, and a small silver body seemed most attractive, but this also failed, and now for several years I find a small salmon coloured hackle fly, we call a shrimp fly, is the surest lure. After fishing, perhaps, for an hour with varied luck, the stream begins to run out, the marflue are well up and the water is a boil of fish following and feeding down stream, a most alluring spectacle, the soft chuck of the char and the deeper and more imposing rise of a large sea-trout being heard in all directions. It is useless to cast for these down-stream fish, but for the next hour or so they turn before getting to the main stream and feed up against the stream. This is the cream of the fishing. We take to a pram and row to the middle of the stream; on each side of us fish rising and taking down stream, but these are useless.

A practised eye, however, will at once detect the rise of an up-stream fish, perhaps two hundred yards away. A good boatman will keep the boat in front of the coming shoal, and as they come nearer and nearer, one waits with one's fly in the air to drop it about three feet in front of the leading rise—if it goes too far it will very likely put the lot down—let it sink the least, and draw it fairly quickly back towards the boat. Then—the joy of it! A wave straight towards the fly, the awful anxiety of when to strike, a turn of the wrist, a check, a rush of perhaps twenty yards of line—all the various fears and joys of a hard fight as the boat slowly goes to the bank, a prayer for steady legs as one crawls backwards in the pram to land, the gleam of a rosy side and the belle of the river is in the net.

Though fishing them with a fly as I have described it is the cream of the sport, they will take a small spin (a small green quill minnow for choice, or a very small demon) freely at the mouth or on their way up the river to the "marflue" ground; and on a still day, when they can be seen in the deep pools in the lower river, over fifty fish have been taken in a very short time with a shrimp on an ordinary gut-hook. As I have said, they appear in April and gradually get into condition till the middle of July, when they disappear altogether—brides and bridegrooms in their gorgeous dress, to spawning festivities in the mysterious depths of the fjords.

From the above it might appear that they are seldom to be found in quite fresh water; but this is not so, as late in July, after they had apparently disappeared, there occasionally has been a rise of fly in the river, and thousands and thousands of char have appeared quite two miles up the river, feeding on the myriads of insects scattered like chaff on the surface. One peculiarity I must mention, namely, their invisibility in the water. They are not always so, and whether they have the power of themselves, or whether certain conditions of water and light make them so, I cannot say. I remember one morning early, about 2 a.m., when the glorious soft light of midnight sun weather was in the valley, the tops of the fjeld pink with the rising sun, absolute stillness but for a few thrushes and here and there a cuckoo, not a breath of air, and water like glass, with char rising all round even to within two feet of where I stood, for fifteen yards or more I could see every pebble in the bottom of the river, but not a vestige of the fish, though they were rising in every direction close to me. There was a rise of the same fly, dark body, white wing, about the size of a house-fly or smaller. I was fishing with a small Alexandra and secured thirteen fish. The moment I hooked a fish I could see it plainly while playing it, but of the others I saw nothing. Generally, however, one can see them quite clearly, as they make their way up the river or lie in deep pools out of the stream.

LIONEL K. RICE.

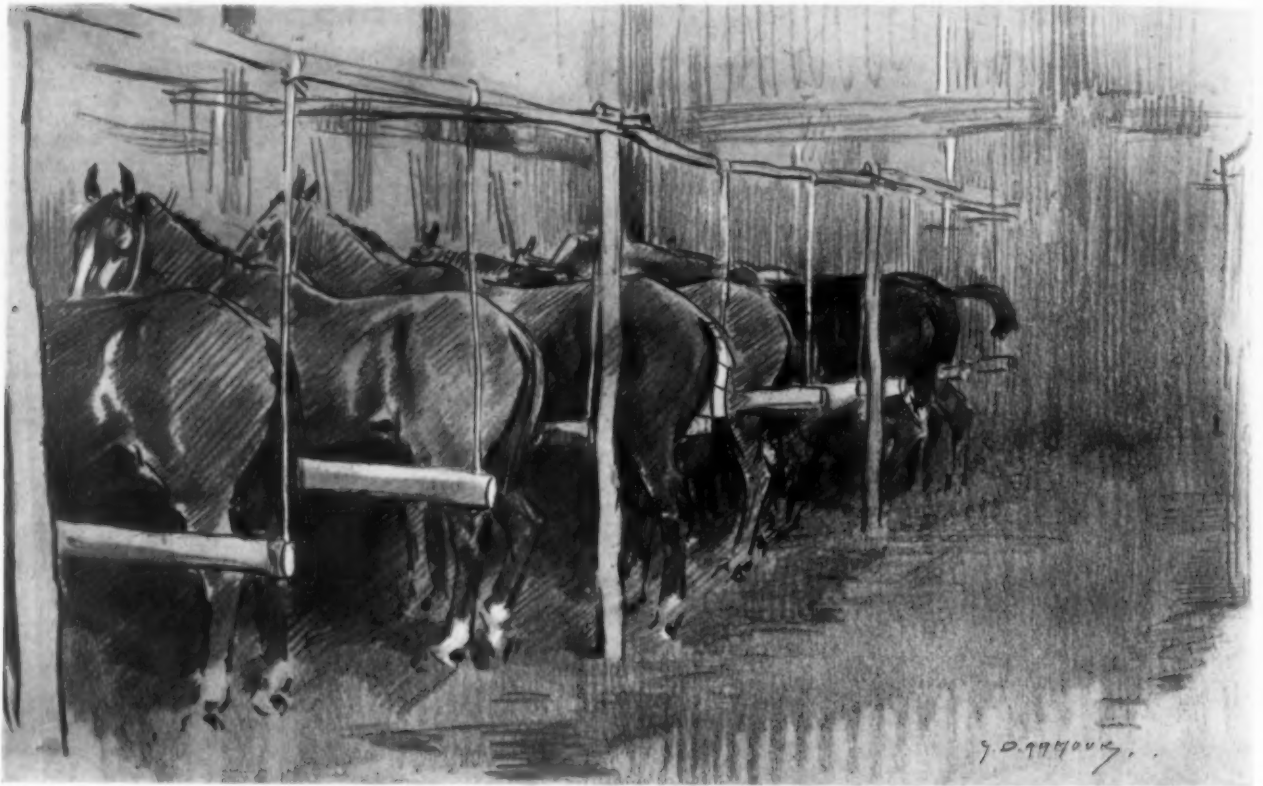
CONDITIONING BOARDED-OUT HORSES

MUCH has been written upon the remount question generally. I remember a letter in COUNTRY LIFE some time ago suggesting the splitting up of the horses which are being imported into small lots, and entrusting the handling and conditioning of them to voluntary helpers. This has now been somewhat extensively done since then, and where the duties are conscientiously and intelligently carried out will, I believe, prove a most satisfactory arrangement. What time there may be to condition and get ready the remounts I do not know. Much was learned from disastrous experience during the South African War of the absolute failure of quite raw horses suddenly launched upon a campaign. How far necessity will permit of profiting by this experience is only known by those in authority—and possibly not by them. Meanwhile, as the matter is one of intense interest to all who have thought about it at all, a few notes upon the subject hardly call for apology.

One thing we may take for granted is that there is no time to waste, and that this conditioning against time will have to be conducted on rather different lines from the usual procedure in the case of hunters taken from grass in early autumn, with all the time before hunting proper to work upon, including many long, quiet mornings cubbing as a finish to the preparation. In the present case, in all probability, both time and labour will be limited. Now, the greatest thing to contend with—probably more even in the case of imported horses than home-bred ones—is the change of diet. As every horsemaster of experience knows, to hurriedly stuff grass-fed horses with oats is equivalent to poisoning them. Horses fed upon grass will do slow work fairly well upon that diet, but as we know such feeding is impossible in a campaign, he must be accustomed, as soon as possible, to the more concentrated forms of food. Training the horse's stomach, therefore, is the first consideration. Barring accidents, nearly all ailments to horses' legs come

from the stomach—swelled legs, cracked heels, grease and, lastly and worst, laminitis, or fever in the feet, have their origin here. The last named, sometimes known as "founder," was the cause of the failure of thousands of the horses imported into South Africa during the war, and I have no

almost certain result was a slight attack of laminitis, and it was quite common at that time to hear of and see many lame horses, the cause for which lameness was not accounted for by any possible accident. These were not soft, raw horses, but were mostly in hard condition and work,



IMPORTED REMOUNTS: THE BARN STABLE.

doubt is at the present moment rendering useless many of the unconditioned horses which the exigencies of the moment have called into use at the front. In the case of horses just off shipboard, the danger is very great. The late Captain Hayes, who had much experience, lays great stress upon this as a cause. He also, in speaking of diet for horses just off the sea, condemns oats, and prescribes few, or none, for horses during a sea voyage. He does not, so far as I know, mention injudicious feeding as alone originating the disease, but from my own experience I can vouch for it as a cause. As illustrating this, some years ago in Morocco, where

I spent a considerable portion of several years, and was in touch with a large number of horses, at a certain season it was usual for the supply of old barley to give out (all horses there are fed upon barley), and when only the new season's grain was procurable it was necessary to be very careful in the use of it. Unless the ration was at first cut down a great deal, the

This effect of new barley was well known to the natives, who are by no means experts as horsemasters. I dwell upon the subject of this disease as it really is the great danger in all attempts to quickly change the diet and the work of a horse.

I am no believer in indiscriminate dosing of horses, and have always failed to trace the reason for the almost universal practice of grooms, when first taking up a horse, of filling him up with physic—a much better plan being, in my opinion, to try to make the change of diet gradual, keeping the ball for use when a slight filling of legs—which will nearly always

occur shortly after the corn diet begins—shows that the stomach requires it. A horse put upon oats will certainly sooner or later require medicine as a corrective and to prevent the fever, but his legs are quite as reliable an indication of the state of his stomach as a barometer is of the state of the atmosphere. In the same way work must be gradually



A "MEAN" ONE.

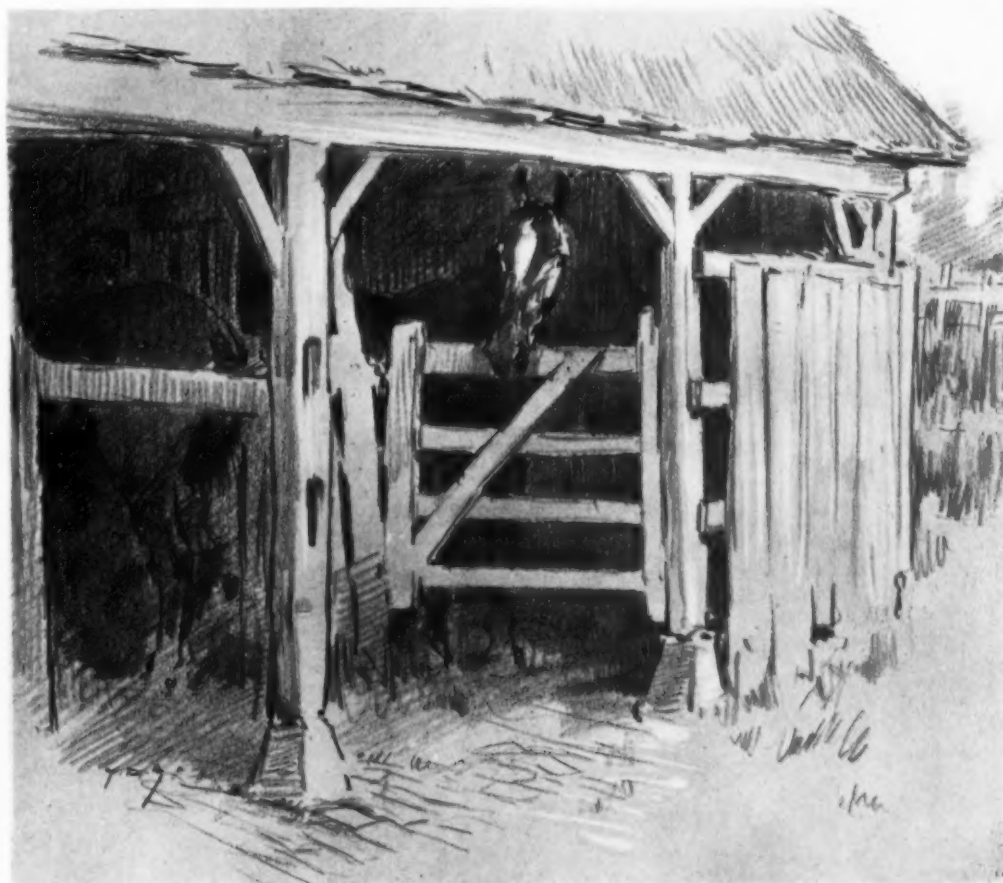


EXERCISE.

applied; it is possible to work a horse pretty hard upon grass, with the only result that he will soon become thin, but in the transition stage of diet injudicious work may ruin him altogether.

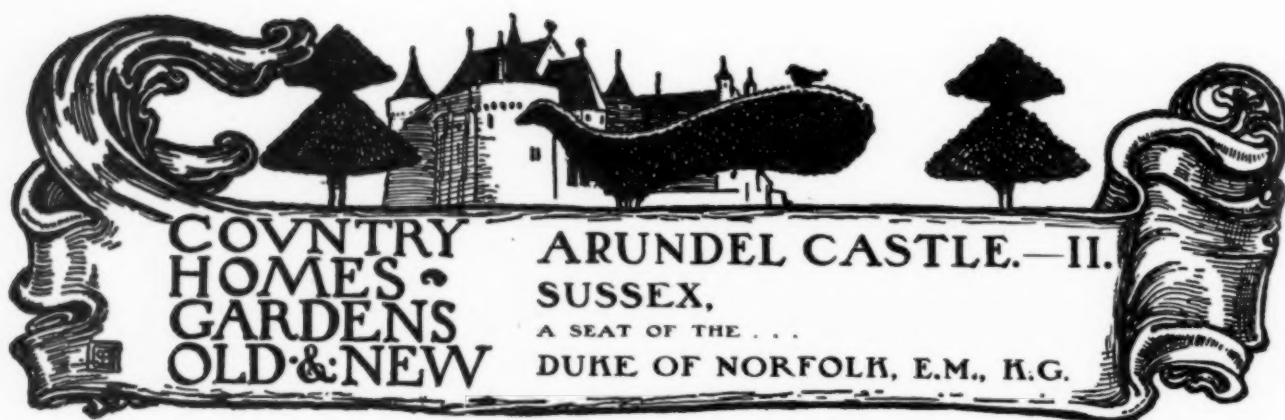
In the case of remounts intended for active service, hardening to atmospherical conditions is necessary, so that the warm box and rugs, so beloved of the average groom, as well as many other conventions, must be forbidden. No doubt there are different ways of arriving at the desired end in this as in other matters, but it may be of interest to describe in a few words the system upon which a few of those remounts are doing well with me at the present time. Reasoning that for horses which would have to "rough it" open air was preferable to warm stables, no attempt was made to provide such, but having several ranges of sheds intended for cattle, which all faced south, we fitted them with bales hung from the rafters, leaving to each horse about five feet of width. Upright posts about three feet from the wall support a cross rail in which are rings for tying the horses. This rail serves the double purpose of tying and of forming a guard behind which the feeding tub and hay can be placed. Tubs were fixed upon for feeding, with the idea that with them one robbing the other was unlikely; also that as among a lot of horses in different stages of condition—or of sickness inevitably resulting from a journey such as they had had—much difference would have to be made in feeding the individuals. For the same reason the boiler is on every day with linseed, and a good supply of carrots provided so that those requiring it may have variety from the prosaic oats and hay. In the matter of bedding, sawdust was fixed upon, both on account of the nature of the floors and because, were straw used, many would no doubt eat it and upset the calculations as to judicious diet. The best procurable old hay and oats, with an occasional dash of Epsom salts when

required, completes the menu. In the matter of work no general rule can be applied, but is varied to suit the individual, from some of the most forward doing ten or twelve miles per day to those which are sick and with colds being turned out in a field during the afternoon to walk about and take the "open air cure." After three weeks' experience with twenty-four horses I am convinced of the soundness of this boarding-out scheme for imported horses, as the necessary individual attention would be impossible when the numbers are very large, and both the originator of the idea in *COUNTRY LIFE* and the Remount Department are deserving of credit for its inception and adoption. The magnitude of the remount question in war time is little realised by many people, but the way in which it is being dealt with now is not the least of the many wonderful pieces of organisation



THE HOSPITAL.

which will help to ultimate success our gallant soldiers at the front. We are fortunate in having our South African experience to work upon, and in having those who learned their lessons at first hand to apply the knowledge to the solution of the present problem. G. DENHOLM ARMOUR.



Arun, which doth name the beauteous Arundel.—Drayton, "Polyolbion."

THE Domesday Survey gives Arundel as "Castle Harundel"—showing that the vice of clapping on an aspirate is sufficiently ancient, and also that the Castle was then, as now, the dominant feature. It is, indeed, quite probable that Earl Roger de Montgomery had begun to build a stone castle by 1086, replacing the Saxon timber defences, but it is more likely that the great circular keep was completed some fifty years later. There are considerable differences in date between the surviving works of the Norman period; the original barbican, now called "the Norman gateway," with its plain tunnelled arch, chamfered abaci and coarse-tooled, wide-jointed sandstone, bearing the stamp of the earliest Norman, while the finer-jointed and finely axed Caen stone of the keep can hardly be much earlier than *circa* 1135.

The writer some years ago called attention ("Sussex Archaeological Collections," Vol. XLVII) to a remarkable grave-slab of a priest, perhaps of the tenth or eleventh century, bearing a rude carving of a pectoral cross with link attached, now in a builder's yard at Walberton, which came from the base of one of the Castle walls, in a repair of some fifty years since. But this only proves that the Norman builders laid sacrilegious hands on the tombs of the Saxon church hard by—a very common proceeding in those times, as the foundations of many a Sussex church can testify.

The situation of the Castle is intrinsically one of great strength, and every natural advantage has been fully made use of by successive generations of builders. The steep

chalk promontory jutting out from the crest of the Sussex downs, at the point where the River Arun makes a sharp curve to go seawards, overlooking a wide expanse of water meadows to the east, south-east and south-west, with the densely wooded hill country and a deep fosse behind, must have placed the Castle in the front rank of military strongholds. Add to all these natural advantages the outworks, raised terraces and escarpments, inner and outer lines of defence, and, outside these again, to the south and west, the town walls and gates, and it will be seen that only a very long siege with a powerful besieging army could hope to subdue such a fortress. It was surrendered in 1102 to Henry I by Robert de Belesme; and whether King Stephen's withdrawal was due to chivalry towards his rival, the Empress Matilda, at Queen Adeliza's intercession, or to discretion on his part, the fact stands out that the Castle only really fell a prey to a besieging foe at a time when heavy artillery had rendered the mediæval castle obsolete. It was in December, 1643, that Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general, brought his forces against this Royalist stronghold—it had first been seized by the King's party in the absence abroad of its owner—and having established himself within the town he used the tower of the Church of St. Nicholas to mount his ordnance upon and pound at the ancient walls. The range was uncomfortably good—the "saker drakes" that he used must have been excellent fieldpieces!—and the elevation of the tower, built as the church is on the same high crest of hill, was a determining factor in his favour. Hunger and sickness compelled the



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF THE CASTLE.

surrender of the Royalist garrison on January 6th, 1644. Chillingworth, the Royalist divine, took part in the defence, and helped by inventing engines of war, after the Roman manner—*testudines cum pluteis*—which seem to have been armoured carts, with a blind of bullet-proof planks, and holes for four musketeers to shoot out of, placed upon the axle-tree, and carrying a bridge before it. The intention was that the wheels should fall into the town ditch, the bridge resting on the breastwork, "so making several

greater part of the buildings within the area of the Castle to the condition of roofless ruins, and the still stately pile remained practically uninhabited well into the eighteenth century. The Great Hall, and most of the lesser apartments on the western and southern sides especially, were largely destroyed, but the barbican towers, with Earl Roger's original gateway tower in the rear, owing to their extremely massive construction, remained practically intact, and, with the comparatively slight restorations carried out by the present Duke,



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THE BARBICAN TOWERS AND DRAWBRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

complete bridges to enter the city." At Arundel this militant cleric had under his charge two small guns, called "murderers." "Some say that he was actively engaged during the siege in constructing machines after the Roman method, and that the vexation arising from their failure greatly hastened his death." The scars caused by Waller's cannon on the rugged masonry of the barbican towers can be seen to this day. The battering it then received, with the attendant conflagration, reduced the

are very much as they left the hands of their original builders. The same remark applies to the great circular Norman keep, which, although a roofless shell, is otherwise complete and in a surprisingly good state of preservation. Many years ago its walls were festooned with ivy, which almost entirely obscured the interesting early masonry. Some extraordinarily sensible and modern remarks about this pestilent weed, made by the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, joint author of "A History of the Western Rapes of Sussex," more than



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THE KEEP FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Stair to Bevis Tower and bridge over the drive.

a century ago, are worth quoting: "The keep, though built of solid masonry, and in perfect preservation, is only visible on the south-west side, where a part has yet escaped the growth of ivy. The rest of the building is nearly obscured by that weed. That a plant which acquires its full growth in forty or fifty years should be supposed to give an antique appearance to a building of the age of seven centuries is quite monstrous. Instead of being the most ancient (*sic*), the largest (*sic*), and the most perfect keep in England, it might be, when covered with ivy, a mere modern erection of brick or boards. The appearance of ivy, though perhaps sometimes picturesque in its mixture with masonry, is generally indicative of neglect and ruin, and quite destroys all architectural proportions." Well said, Mr. Cartwright! Happily, the present Duke is entirely of Mr. Cartwright's mind, for about thirty-nine years ago he removed the



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MODERN TOWERS ON WEST FLANK.

"C.L."

"weed" from the keep, and more recently from the walls of Amberley Castle, hard by — not without the inevitable screech of the artistic fraternity. Antiquaries, however, will thank him, not only for revealing the ancient masonry, long hidden, but also for removing a source of danger to the stability of the fabric. The damage done by the ivy trunks and branches at Amberley was incontestably proved on its removal.

The excellent state of the keep is due to happy accident and to the rigidly conservative repairs carried out by the Duke. Externally it lacks nothing but its roof, and as this was probably flat, or nearly so — no roof appears above the battlements in Hollar's view drawn before the siege — its absence makes no difference to the completeness of the keep viewed from outside. As a mass of early mason work alone, it is a remarkable study. Standing on a circular artificial mound, about 230ft. in diameter at the base, and about 76ft. high

up to the ground line of the wall (the sectional angle of the mound is about 45deg.), the keep itself is an irregular oval in plan, varying in diameter between 67ft. and 59ft., with a height above ground of from 27ft. to 30ft. Its circumference is divided by flat pilaster buttresses, 3ft. 11in. wide, with a projection of 7in. to 8in. dividing it into twelve bays, the space between the buttresses varying from 15ft. 4in. to 15ft. 11in. The walls are of unequal thickness, (from 8ft. to 10ft., according to Canon Tierney), and are almost entirely faced externally with somewhat fine-jointed axe-tooled masonry, the stones used being Caen, Quarr Abbey and Binsted—the two latter from the Isle of Wight. These three are found together in nearly all the principal works of the twelfth century in West Sussex, and the two former were largely used before the Conquest, *teste* Sompting and Bosham Churches. Quarr Abbey stone, of which there were anciently corresponding beds on the West Sussex Coast, is an immensely hard freshwater limestone, full of minute *spiculae* and shells, with a superficial likeness to a



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JACOBEOAN MANTEL-PIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

close-grained tufa. It was known and used by the Romans, whose preference for it may have originated in their native use of tufa. Modern repairs have been done in Douling stone—easily distinguishable, yet harmonious. The keep may be studied in detail with great advantage. Just above the ground is a chamfered plinth-course on a base of flint, projecting about 1ft. from the wall face. This plinth receives three

battering courses, corresponding to the projection of the pilaster buttresses—together a very pretty piece of early masonry. The buttresses slope off to nothing immediately below the battlements.

As another authentic early detail of military architecture the battlements themselves are very precious, and while large parts are original, the remainder have been restored lately with scrupulous exactitude. Norman battlements are rare, and these must be among the very oldest remaining in England. Their chief characteristics are the long, steeply coped shield-pieces, pierced with arrow slits, contrasted with the narrow interspaces. Internally there is a broad shooting



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THE GREAT HALL.

COUNTRY LIFE."



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XVII CENTURY CHAIR AND XVIII CENTURY TABLE. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE LARGE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SMALL DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gallery all round, to which access is gained by a "vice," or stair, on the south-east. The battlement wall being comparatively thin, this walk really represents the thickness of the main wall below, which, as viewed internally, is seen to be of flint construction—now denuded of its original plaster coating—probably with a "heart" of chalk rubble, all compacted with very hard mortar. Standing within the keep, one can plainly follow the original roofing line; but what is not so easy to determine is the question as to how the interior was subdivided. There are corbels marking the lines of floor beams about half way up the height, and the original first floor fireplaces, whose hearth level now is "in the air"; there are also two plain, round-arched doorways beneath this, one leading to the stairway from the courtyard, the other to the Well Tower. To the left is the great portal, its arch rising up into what would be the upper storey. There must have been a partition wall, perhaps only of timber, to shut this off from the chamber with the fireplace, and from the space below, in which are the two small doorways. But even so, the mystery as to the lighting of these apartments remains, unless we imagine a central "well" or lighting area, as there are no traces whatever of window openings in the walls. Some writers, because of the absence of these, have assumed that the keep was not roofed and had no internal subdivisions, but was simply an open pit; such an absurd conclusion ignores the fireplaces on what would be the first floor level. The great portal, partially built up when the square fore-building and Well Tower were erected in the thirteenth century (their walls are not bonded into the keep wall), is a magnificent piece of early Norman work, the opening, 6ft. 6in. wide in the clear, and about 10ft. high. Its jambs and circular head are of three continuous orders,

enriched by double chevron, roll, star and pellet mouldings, and crowned by a label of interlaced strapwork. The arch section measures no less than 3ft. 6in. across. Shadowed by the projection of the square fore tower—which still partially blocks it—and on that side of the keep which is least seen by the public, this remarkable feature has been little noticed proportionately to its beauty and interest. The stone is nearly all Caen and Quarr Abbey, and the great angle rolls of the jambs spring from splayed bases resting on a square sub-base and chamfered plinth. The outer opening is now blocked, but the splayed internal jambs and archway, finished with a continuous roll-moulding, are in perfect preservation. The southern chamber fireplace is comparatively small and has lost its arch or lintel and part of the hood, but the jambs and curved back, of herring-bone tiling, are quite perfect. It is permissible to wonder whether the shades of Queen Adeliza and her guest, the Empress Matilda, ever warm their ghostly hands at its long-cold hearth as they doubtless did in life. According to tradition, the Empress was lodged in the keep when she came here in 1139.

A flight of stone steps in the southern part of the keep's area conducts to a small rectangular vaulted chamber below ground, probably of thirteenth century date, which, though somewhat mysterious in appearance, served, in all likelihood, as a store for arms and ammunition. It has been suggested that this stair was originally open to the sky, falling within the unroofed central area of the keep enclosure. The writer inclines to this view; but it is very desirable that the vaulted chamber and the whole space within the keep should be judiciously explored by excavation, so that the original arrangements may be more clearly determined. Hollar's bird's-eye view of Windsor Castle, reproduced by Sir William Hope in his *magnum opus* on that building, shows the rectangular "well" within the circular keep, with a block of apartments occupying each segment of the circular area.

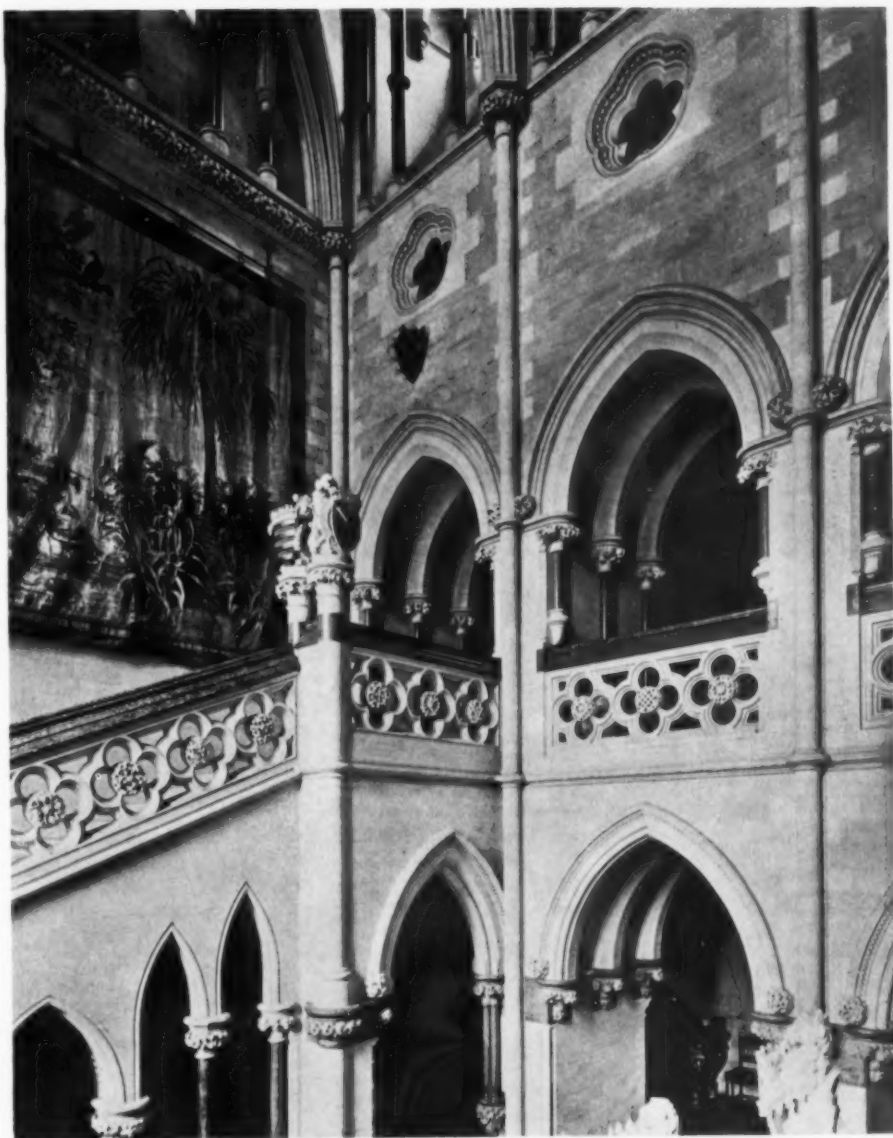
It has been remarked by the late Mr. G. T. Clark, F.S.A., author of "Medieval Military Architecture," that the whole plan of Arundel Castle and the disposition of its parts strikingly resemble those of Windsor Castle, though, of course, on a smaller scale. There is the same circular Norman keep, the same upper and lower baileys; there is also the great stone stairway climbing up the mound to the keep—a feature found likewise at Carisbrooke and Cardiff; the view at Arundel looking up the long flight of steps, forty-four in number, which are enclosed within low battlemented walls, to the Well Tower jutting out from its



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

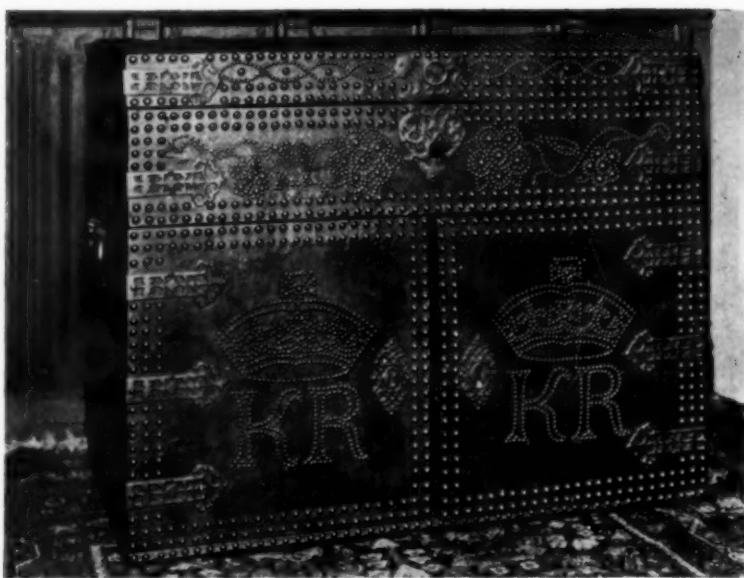


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THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

taller companion, and behind both the swelling rounded mass of the keep—once seen is never forgotten. Both these towers are of flint, dressed with orange-brown Pulborough stone to the quoins and windows, but the Well Tower has no less than ten chamfered set-offs at its bases, formed of Caen stone, and suggesting that this base, or platform, is contemporary with the keep and that the well therein was in the first instance protected by a wooden enclosure, subsequently replaced by the flint and stone tower. In both the towers are windows of the "shouldered-arched" or "Carnarvon" form, marking the thirteenth century date, besides which there are arrow slits. At the base of the larger tower is a low early buttress, and in the topmost stage a window of two nearly circular-headed lights, divided by a mullion. The south front of this tower is in two converging facets, with a central quoin, and there are numerous putlogs. The south-west angle, which had been injured in the siege, and finally taken down rather over a century ago to fill up the well—a purposeless piece of vandalism—has been carefully rebuilt by the present Duke, greatly to the improvement of the view. A curtain wall, screening the entrance to the fore-tower, has also been restored in the recent works. The steep sides of the keep mound are clothed with sombre yews, which contrast finely with the time-stained masonry. It is possible that this mound is a relic of the pre-Conquest castle, and that it was



XVI CENTURY CABINET WITH INITIALS OF QUEEN CATHERINE HOWARD.

crowned by a wooden stockade. The theory that King Alfred had a castle here is due to a mistaken reading of his will—"Arundel" for "Crondall" in Hampshire—nevertheless, it is certain that there was a Saxon castle, though most probably of timber construction.

Bevis's Tower is supposed to have been so called after the fabled giant, Bevis of Southampton, who was able to wade across to the Isle of Wight, who had a horse called Hirondele—"swallow"—(whence, of course, "Arundel"!), and a two-handled sword christened "Mongley" (still preserved in the Castle armoury), and whose grave is a large tumulus in the park. When Bevis consented to serve as warder to the Earls of Arundel, the legend tells that his weekly ration comprised an ox, two hogsheads of beer, with bread and mustard *ad libitum*! The early heralds evidently played on the legend when they gave to the town for arms a single swallow. Bevis's Tower is a much-restored thirteenth century work, built on the curtain to the north-west of the keep, and connected with it, like Earl Roger's tower, by a parapet walk across the mound. Its outlines and one or two features are authentic, including one of the three mediaeval sally-ports. The modern sunk drive, a clever piece of engineering, passes almost



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IN THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

beneath it. Most of the curtain here is restored, but on the old lines, and the space between the west and east walls of the curtain, up to the northern end, is occupied by a beautiful pleasure known as "The Tilt Yard." The curtain on its west, north and east sides has many old features, including four more or less restored skeleton towers, or turrets, all communicating by a wall along the ramparts. It is difficult to examine within close range the whole of these extensive works, but as doubt has often been thrown upon their antiquity, the writer can vouch from detailed personal examination for the genuineness of by far the greater part of the curtain and its towers, though the upper part of the wall and towers, including the battlements, is "restoration." To take one section as typical—the southern half of the eastern curtain. A stair and ascending path enable one to climb the steep escarpment from the water-meadows, and on gaining the level walk beneath the wall one finds a perfect thirteenth century postern—here a pointed-arched doorway, with a chamfered cill 2ft. 6in. above the ground, approached by a wooden stairway. This doorway is enclosed within a square recess, and gives upon the Castle gardens. In the wall above are stone water-spouts to convey the drainage from the parapet walk. The stonework of the doorway is richly tinted Pulborough, marking it as part of the extensive works of John Fitzalan in the second half of the thirteenth century ;

undercroft that probably served as a prison. The Chapel of St. George was to have had a foundation for six priests, but the funds were, in 1380, appropriated to the college of the Holy Trinity. The angle of this south-east front is crowned by a tower, which has shared in all the three rebuildings, but the south wall to the westward retains three pilaster buttresses and two very fine two-light windows, one partially, the other wholly blocked up. The more perfect one has an enclosing circular arch and label, with circular sub-arches resting on twin and single shafts, having capitals of broad leaf form and moulded bases. The writer has it from the Duke that tradition says it was from this window that the Empress Matilda watched for the approach of King Stephen. This might be so equally whether the window lit the chapel or a living room. One seldom meets with such a perfect and ornamental window in Norman castellated architecture. It compares with the best at Rochester, Castle Hedingham and Goodrich. One would like to see its companion opened out externally. These windows and the pilaster buttresses are in Caen stone. In what is the opposite (internal) wall, a storey lower, are a plain Norman door of two rings, two round-headed windows and a pilaster buttress—all exhibiting axe-tooling and marks of fire. These are in the north wall of the undercroft, and entering by a flight of steps from the modern corridor we find a spacious



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IN THE COURTYARD LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

(Entirely modern rebuilding.)

but mixed with the adjacent flint walling are many stones (Caen) bearing Norman axe-tooling, and others (Pulborough) pick-dressed, while some few, turned pink by the action of fire, show the claw-tooling of the early thirteenth century—all relics of earlier buildings. Most of the buttresses here, of varying sizes, are ancient. The base of the great tower that joins the curtain to the terraced eastern front of the Castle is of thirteenth century ashlar, the lower part battered out with a high plinth of flints and Caen stone. Beyond, going south, the north-east front of the Castle retains its ancient buttresses and the quoining and loops of a square tower (? garderobe), but most of the wall face and all the windows and battlements are modern. It must be remembered that Duke Charles, in the end of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, recast the whole of the domestic quarters of the Castle, which before that had been ruined by Waller's siege and patched up in 1720, when the Howards came again to live at Arundel. To the present Duke must be given the credit of jealously preserving every scrap of mediæval work, while replacing the incongruous "Norman" and "Gothic" of Duke Charles by work which is at least in harmony with the original. Happily, Duke Charles's alterations spared some very interesting twelfth century work in the south-east front—the remains of the original chapel of St. George, about 40ft. long, and of a vaulted

chamber barrel-vaulted, in chalk, with chamfered stone ribs, which vaulting—or at least the massive ribbing—has all the appearance of a thirteenth or fourteenth century insertion. The lords of the Castle not only confined military prisoners, but ordinary delinquents, and one of the latter, a certain John Mot, in 1404, imprisoned on a charge of robbery, succeeded in escaping, but being hotly pursued by the constable and other inhabitants, he fled for sanctuary to the college, and, seizing the ring attached to the gate, would have taken shelter within ; but the constable disputed his claim to sanctuary and conveyed him back to the Castle prison. A later prisoner has left the inscription : " I pray to God if hit him please delyvere us all out of distress," in a dungeon beneath the Barbican, where also the walls are scored with rude drawings.

Beyond this ancient piece of the south-east front and the retaining walls at the foot of the scarp below there is nothing more of antiquity either in this front or on the western side of the great quadrangular enclosure till we come to the Barbican towers. The projecting wing in which is the lofty and imposing dining-room and the great circular tower of ashlar work at the south-west angle, with its fellow to the westward, are frankly modern, and must be judged as such. As pieces of imitative mediæval architecture they have considerable merit, and the huge mass of the round tower

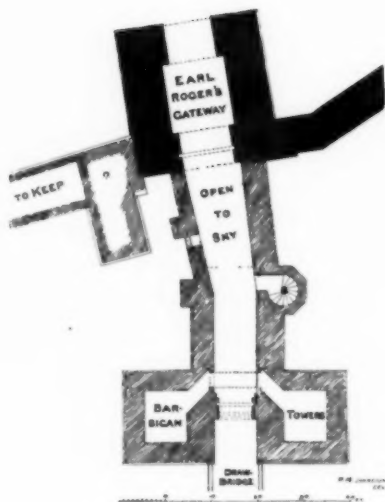
dominates the composition very imposingly. Moreover, these features have blotted out the bad work of Duke Charles, which amounted to an actual eyesore in this the most prominent view of the Castle.

In this connection it should be remarked that the present Duke has preserved a notable feature of Duke Charles' work in the interior fittings of the library, which has pillars, vaulting and cosy book-recesses, all in the finest Honduras mahogany, and wrought in the "Gothic" taste of 1800. The work must be admitted to have very solid merits and a certain pompous magnificence, competing with that of Duke Charles' Royal rival in the contemporary Pavilion at Brighton. Sussex, indeed, in the early years of the last century, was a *corpus vile* for experiments in the Gothic and other "tastes"—*teste* Eridge Castle and that at Goring, one front of which is Grecian and the other Gothic!

Another piece of the Gothic improvements of the early nineteenth century is the gateway lodge at the summit of the precipitous High Street, with the lofty walls on either side—a far from happy composition, well calculated to chill the most buoyant of antiquarian tourists. However, once on the right side of this depressing feature, the revulsion

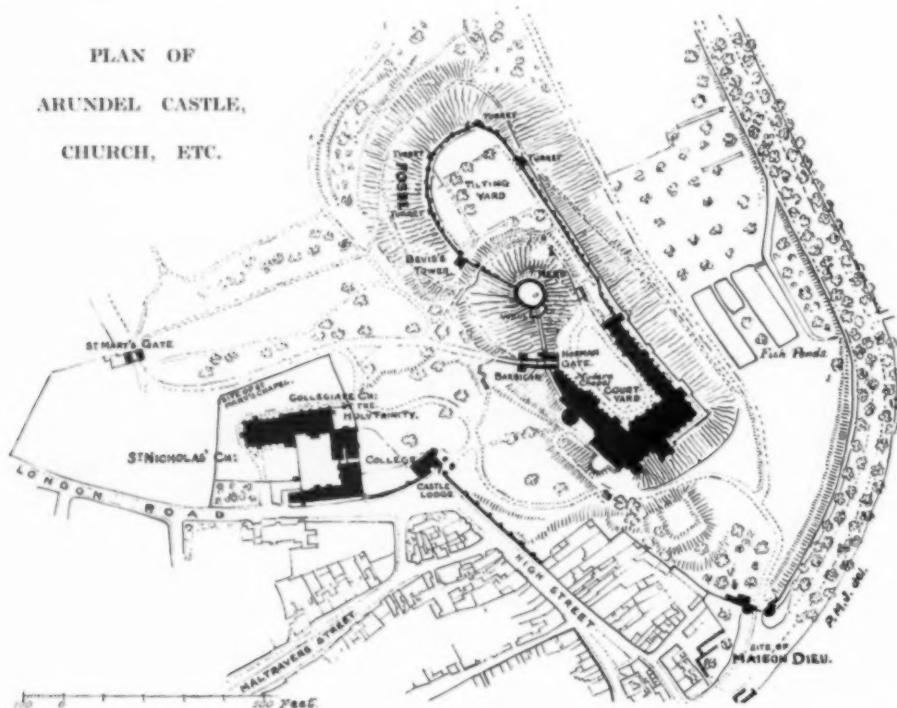
has some ancient blocked loops with square heads.

The Duke writes: "These rooms have been called 'Empress Maud's rooms' certainly longer than I can remember. Years ago the remains of an Elizabethan bedstead were kept in one, and said to be her bed." At the north-west angle is an enormous buttress, with many set-offs, obviously an addition, and



PLAN OF THE BARBICAN.

PLAN OF
ARUNDEL CASTLE,
CHURCH, ETC.



of feeling that immediately follows is worth the preparatory cold douche, for after taking in the shaven lawns, the gravelled sweeps and stately trees, the eye lights with a shock of surprised joy on the unspoilt mass of the Barbican towers, with their recessed portcullised gateway, approached by a parapeted bridge (the lower part of which, with the buttresses, is ancient) and a restored wooden drawbridge. The effect is heightened by the charming tints of the flint walling, the orange-coloured Pulborough sandstone dressings, and the numerous black squares of the putlogs. The twin towers are set back at each storey, and for windows have single openings with shouldered heads. Passing beneath the drop-arch of the gateway and a length of passage open to the sky, in which is some effective flint and stone chequer-work, we reach the inner gateway of Earl Roger's tower, with its noble circular arches, also defended by a portcullis, and retaining the massive mediæval oak gates. The ground here appears to have been lowered about 2ft. On the plastered north wall is a rude drawing of a ship, and high up on the south wall is a fifteenth century niche for a lamp or image. It is thrilling to think that in 1097 William Rufus, in 1102 Henry I's soldiers, in 1139 King Stephen, and Edward I in 1302, passed through this gateway, with which Time and man have dealt so mercifully that its appearance is practically the same as eight hundred years ago. The perfect curve of the semi-circular arch is something to let the eye rest on. For some way up on the courtyard side this delightful old tower is faced with small blocks of Pulborough stone, but the three low upper stories are flint-faced, and look like later work. The lower windows are restored Norman, but the top storey

something of an unsolved problem. Through this tower, by means of a modern staircase at its side, access is gained to the great open stairway to the keep. Beyond, going south, is the modern chapel, built by the present Duke on the site of a terrible piece of "Batty Langley" Gothic—the chapel erected by Duke Charles. The new chapel, which is apsidal, with an aisle and a stone gallery at the ecclesiastical west end (the "east" here is north-west), is an exquisitely finished piece of Early English design, vaulted throughout, with pavements, shafts and string-courses of Purbeck marble; and a profusion of foliage-carving, dog tooth and diaper work. The hall or ante-chamber that gives access to it also leads to the modern Great Hall, a magnificent revival of the Great Hall of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (shown in Hollar's view), which has ousted the "Baron's Hall," built by Duke Charles.

Its chief features are the lofty, open roof of English oak, the ashlar-faced walls, the tall windows, filled with painted glass, and the great stone fireplaces. A minstrels' gallery at the southern end, above a dais, suggests stringed instruments and Yuletide festivities. Many precious pictures, tapestries, cabinets and objects of art and antiquity adorn the walls, which are wainscoted for a great part of their height. Among the old pieces of furniture are a long Jacobean retainers' table, and some Flemish Gothic pieces to be noted presently.

PHILIP M. JOHNSTON.

SOME OLD CITY LETTERS.

THE Old South-Sea House suggests Charles Lamb, who was once a clerk there, and described it in a famous essay, the first Essay of Elia. But the fellow clerk of his who was responsible for a recently published volume, "From the Old South-Sea House," by A. W. Rumney (Smith, Elder), was not at all like Lamb. If Lamb knew Rumney, as he may have done, he must have been sorely tempted to "feel his bumps." The book contains copies of letters written from 1796 to 1798 by Thomas Rumney, a native of Cumberland who had found work in London, to his relations at home and elsewhere. His chief correspondents are his brothers Anthony and William, his uncle, Mr. Edward Clark, a Wiltshire parson, and his mother. Thomas Rumney had had little education; his grammar is defective, and his fine writing gives no pleasure. Nor is his character more pleasing; he is exceedingly close-fisted and far too conscious of his merits. He writes to his mother (page 233): "You must allow me to say that I am very conscientious of having at all times conducted myself towards you, your poor brother deceased, and every individual of our family with modesty, civility, and unremitting attention"—and this belief, expressed more often than implied, runs through all his letters. Mr. Collins in "Pride and Prejudice" might have written such letters.

he had been a step lower in the social scale and had not enjoyed the advantages of a University education. Yet the book is well worth reading, because it tells a good deal about the lives of a London clerk, a Wiltshire parson and a Cumberland "statesman" at the end of the eighteenth century; and it tells the truth, because the author was clearly too stupid to invent anything. Money and marriages are the subjects about which he writes, and the two are closely connected in his mind. His brother William, a curate, was courting a Miss Holyoak, who had some money and more expectations, and Thomas favours this match because it may relieve him from the necessity of lending money, or refusing to lend it, to his brother. Many letters on this subject are written to Mr. Clark, a maternal uncle and childless. Mr. Clark dies of influenza, and leaves £4,000 among his nephews and nieces. The rest get £200 apiece, but £1,000 reward Thomas for his "modesty, civility, and unremitted attention." Yet in writing to his brother he had generally referred

to Mr. Clark as "Old Squaretoes." Thomas writes many letters to inform the legatees. One of his cousins, Mary Clark, pleases him so much by her replies that he forms a cautious design of marrying her. After fourteen years of deskwork he gets a holiday and makes the journey to Cumberland, but the lady, after seeing him, decides, very wisely we think, not to marry him. Yet he got married in the end. His elder brother died in 1798, and Thomas, becoming the owner of the Cumberland estate, left London to farm his own land. On New Year's Day, 1806, he married Elizabeth Castlehow, and on July 2nd he wrote in his diary: "I find my spirits the lowest I ever remember, owing to domestic matters displeasing me most sadly." We guess that the lady spent more than Thomas approved. Lamb describes the South-Sea House clerks as "pleasant fellows, full of chat." Thomas Rumney was not a pleasant fellow, but his old letters are interesting for the light they throw on his own character and the times he lived in.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE are few men of our time who have made more interesting experiments in literature than Mr. Henry Newbolt, and his latest is the best of all. The title of the book, *Aladore* (Blackwood), is taken from the name of Mr. Newbolt's city of Dream, his "Island valley of Avilion, where falls not rain, nor sleet, nor any snow." The book in its form will remind the reader of "The Waters of the Wondrous Isles" and other of William Morris' prose romances, but there is one very great difference. Both authors apparently took Malory as a model, but whereas William Morris tried to produce the very language of his original and succeeded only in perpetrating what was at the time nicknamed "Wardour Street English," Mr. Newbolt has contented himself with a general resemblance to the form of the "Morte d'Arthur," but has trusted to his own natural English. For that he is to be commended. If anybody could have reproduced the language of Malory it was probably William Morris, but the feat is impossible. No man of these late centuries can cast his mind so thoroughly into the Middle Ages as to reproduce their atmosphere and their language. Whether he will or not, his mind being full of the ideas of his own age will find expression for them in words that did not exist in older days. Mr. Newbolt therefore does not attempt it. Only in the headings of his chapters and in chance phrases do we find a hint of the mediæval. "How the Lady Ailinn departed out of this life and the counsel that she gave to her daughter Aithne" is the heading to one chapter, and it will do very well as a sample of the others. Nor does he aim at preserving the mediæval atmosphere. Sir Ywain is introduced to us in the Hall of Sulney, where he "did justice upon wrongdoers." He is indeed a very modern Justice of the Peace, and the offences dealt with are those of to-day. One sinner appears for gathering sticks, another for snaring a rabbit, a third for beating his wife for the hundredth time, so that it is no wonder that Sir Ywain was weary of the sight of them. The impression given is just a little reminiscent of Touchstone's Justice, "his fair round belly with good capon lined." Enter to him at this unromantic age a little child who is his better self and leads him away from court and courtyard to the open air. He makes over his property to his brother and goes on pilgrimage, which is only another way of saying that he adopts the life of an idealist. The theme is a well-worn one, but after we get over the awkwardness of the start, the freshness and beauty of the treatment make it appear as though no one had written thus before. The book, in fact, is a poem. *Aladore* is the land of every man's desire, as Aithne is the ideal woman, Helen of Troy and every other beautiful lover who has trod the earth since. Very delicately is the difference suggested between *Paladore* and *Aladore*, but it is no easy matter to reduce such delicate fantasy to hard, clear statement or to analyse the figment of a poet's brain. But in *Paladore*, which is the easier of attainment, the people are "bell-bound," which seems to be Mr. Newbolt's way of saying they were dominated by theologians. They get up a heresy hunt against Ywain because of his preference for *Aladore*, the city of Dream, to their Paradise which they look upon as the reward of the travail and sorrow of earth. *Paladore* is the city we know. The prince of it, and indeed all the inhabitants, are bound with chains of their own making.

It is provided that in his own house also, and whether he be eating or drinking or what else doing, he shall in any case be bound with chains: and in the making of such chains they of *Paladore* have great skill, for they will

tie a man hand and foot with bonds of no seeming substance, and yet past breaking of any, save he be strongly holpen of friends.

The men find amusement by hunting and shooting. They stand in covert the day long with marvellous endurance, and shoot at such few birds and beasts as are driven to them. *Aladore* could only be seen in still water as a reflection, and is the haven to which the elect make.

The love-making of Ywain will show how fit his lady was to be an inhabitant of it:

Ah! lady mine and not mine! For as I think, you were a rose in Eden, and a golden child in Babylon, and a rainbow in Arcady, and a moonlight shadow on the walls of Troy: and you were loved of Tristram and of Troilus, and for Lancelot fought and Sigurd rode the fire, and the sons of Usnach died. One of the most charming pieces is that wherein is narrated the adventures of Ywain in the Lost Lands of the South, that "land of Lost Content" of which another poet has written. It is a chapter teeming with exquisite descriptions, as this of the Oreads dancing:

And immediately he saw before him an upland all hoar in moonlight: for upon the sides of it there was a semblance as of mist rising. Yet was that semblance no mist, for it moved swiftly without wind: and Ywain looked again and saw it as a company of maidens dancing together. And their attire was all of cloudy silk, and their feet were bright as with ten thousand dewdrops: and their hair was whirled about them like wisps of smoke. And it seemed to Ywain that they danced so lightly as no thing living, save music only: for that will dance lightly without sound in the imagination of the heart.

Here is another of playing fauns:

Naked they were and manlike to the middle,—in their flesh fat and in their countenance all merry babes: but below they were of another fashion, for their hams were wool-begrown and they were goat-kneed and goat-footed. Also their hair upon their heads was woolly and their ears were pointed and a-prick like little horns. And it was plain to see that they were kin to the beasts and of them well understood: for one child held a squirrel between his hands, and the squirrel feared not, but kept his tail a-high: and one sat piping to a company of small fowls, which also sat and piped to him. But there was yet another child fast by, which vexed the piper with a barley straw: and he ceased not for his brother's frowning, but tickled him evilly amidst his ear.

In this country he found his mistress in the shape of a shepherdess, and they lived as it had been in the Golden Age. But still he was unsatisfied, and we must quote the account of their wedding. The whole account of the ceremony is too long, but the description of the altar will serve to speak for the rest:

But in the chamber was also a little glowing as of embers, and Ywain saw there an altar of bronze: and it seemed to him right ancient, as a thing made in the time out of mind. And beside the altar was a platter of meal and a cup of red wine standing: and Aithne took the meal into her hand, and in like manner Ywain took the wine. And they two stood beside the altar on this side and on that, and sprinkled it with meal and wine: and there went up from it two bright flames of fire, a red and a white, and they spired up and were entwined together so that they were two colours but one only flame.

We have given no very connected account of this remarkable book, and do not wish to pose as interpreters of its inner meaning. Enough to say that it is a chain on which many beautiful fantasies are linked together, and that the wisdom of it is as real as the beauty, though it is never thrust upon the reader. Through the medley of myth and fairy dell and legend there runs the light of pure vision and high endeavour, of the light that is in setting suns.

Princess Mary's Gift Book. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THIS book has the powerful recommendation that all profits on the sale will be given to the Queen's "Work for Women Fund," but the reader will have no cause to feel that he has spent his half-crown out of charity. The

list of distinguished contributors is positively overwhelming—Mr. Kipling, Sir James Barrie, Mr. Noyce, Mr. Mason, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Pett Ridge and the Bishop of London—these are only a few of the men, and among the ladies—who ought to have come first—are Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Miss Beatrice Harraden, and Baroness Orczy, who actually provides yet another adventure of the elusive and unquenchable Pimpernel. When it is added that there are pictures by Messrs. Rackham, Hemy, Byam Shaw, Dulac and, in particular, a portrait of Princess Mary by Mr. Shannon, it is apparent that the Royal editress has given full and generous measure to her readers. Mr. Kipling's contribution is a poem on Britain's command of the sea in wartime. "Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers?" While Sir James Barrie has a delightfully lazy account of how to spend a holiday in bed, including some very sound advice: "The proper thing is to take your holiday in bed with a vague intention of getting up in another quarter of an hour. The real pleasure of lying in bed after you are awake is largely due to the feeling that you ought to get up. To take another quarter of an hour then becomes a luxury." Among many other good things Mr. A. E. W. Mason's story, "The Ebony Box," may be particularly mentioned, because to write an interesting war story at this time of day, when we read of nothing but war, is so particularly difficult.

Memories, by John Galsworthy. (William Heinemann.)

DOG-LOVERS have very different ways of loving dogs, and it is likely enough that some of them—and these not the least devoted—will not quite understand Mr. Galsworthy's way. A single sentence from his book may help us if not to analyse, at least to indicate the difference. When Chris, the spaniel, came in after a thrilling, though fruitless chase, his mistress would say to him: "Well, my darling, have you been killing pussies in the garden?" That sentence is in some sort a touchstone. To some it will seem, if we may so call it, "un-doggy"; to speak such words to a dog, almost as if he were a human child, is, they will say, to take him out of his proper sphere and to insult him into the bargain. Others will feel at once that Mr. Galsworthy has a real soul for dogs, and is sure to say the most charming, sympathetic and understanding things about them. We are frankly on Mr. Galsworthy's side. We delight in his description of the little black puppy when he first arrives in the guard's van, "soft, wobbly and tearful," and the account of how on the walk to his new home he "continually and suddenly sat down to make sure of his own legs." Quite admirable, too, is Chris' behaviour on the eve of a journey. "He never complained in words of our shifting habits, but curled his head round over his left paw and pressed his chin very hard against the ground whenever he smelled packing. . . . The words 'Yes—going too!' spoken in a certain tone, would call up in his eyes a still questioning half happiness, and from his tail a quiet flutter, but did not quite serve to put to rest either his doubt or his feeling that it was all unnecessary, until the cab arrived. Then he would paw himself out of door or window and be found in the bottom of the vehicle, looking severely away from an admiring cabman." Miss Maud Earl has illustrated the book, and though they vary a good deal in merit, some of her drawings, such as that of Chris "considering" a cricket ball, come near to being efforts of genius. But with all respect to her, we do not need her aid in order to see Chris, for Mr. Galsworthy has translated his dog's attitudes into words with an extraordinary vividness. Anyone who writes about dogs or children must play the game fairly by his readers; both are so naturally pathetic that the pathos can be made unbearable if certain reticences are not observed. Mr. Galsworthy, however, has the restraint of the artist; he cannot help being touching, but he never breaks our hearts merely for the purpose of showing his power. He seems to us to show a little lack of—shall we say a sense of?—proportion when he discusses his dog's views on the hereafter; but if this be a flaw, it is a very small one in a most lovable and engaging book.

The Orchard Pavilion, by A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder.)

THE pavilion stands in the orchard of a lonely old farmhouse in the Cotswolds, called Sunset Farm. Hither come three undergraduates on something in the nature of a reading party, and one night they sit down of malice aforethought to pour out their souls to one another and expound "what they are really out for." One of them, Roderick, worships beauty, and in the search for it proposes to do what he likes best in the world. Fred, of a rather merciless and practical turn of mind, yet with strong affections and a desire to make the world better, has no clear ideas save that he means to work. The third, Harry, is a simple, devout and athletic creature, who is going into the Church. Nearly thirty years later, when Roderick is a successful author, Fred a King's Counsel and Harry a country parson, they solemnly meet again in this pavilion and fight their battle over again. The country parson wins easily, and it seems churlish to grudge him his victory, but we have somehow an uneasy feeling that the game has not been played quite fairly, and that the author, perhaps unconsciously, pulled the wires on his behalf. If anyone wanted to say unkind things about Mr. Benson he would, no doubt, find plenty of opportunities in *The Orchard Pavilion*. There is, it cannot be denied, a certain mildness about some passages in it which momentarily provoke in the friendliest breasts a desire to do deeds of senseless and brutal violence. But Mr. Benson is a disarming person. This mood passes quickly, and we read his book—it can easily be done at one sitting—not without interest, finding in it perhaps, as he himself might say, a certain pleasant and gracious quality.

Arctadian Adventures with the Idle Rich, by Stephen Leacock. (The Bodley Head.)

IT would be interesting to know what American readers think of Mr. Stephen Leacock's account of them. We should not imagine that they like it much better than an earlier generation liked Martin Chuzzlewit. Certainly Mr. Lucullus Fyshe and the other members of the Mausoleum Club in Plutonia Avenue seem to us just as unpleasant as Colonel Diver, Mr. Jefferson Brick and the other gentlemen who infested Major Pawkins' boarding-house. It may be, however, that this is too solemn a view to take and that Mr. Leacock

has been making a fool of us; that he is not indulging in satire at all, but only in gentle nonsense. Whichever it may be, he is very often decidedly amusing, but it must be confessed that now and then he works very hard at his point. The idea of some silly, vulgar women who "go in for" mysticism being bamboozled by two pseudo-Oriental swindlers may be entertaining enough, but the story that deals with it—"The Yahi-Bahi Society"—is too long and too laboured and spreads the joke out very thin indeed. On the other hand, there is a pleasant little touch of feeling in the picture of Tomlinson, "the Wizard of Finance," a simple-minded old countryman who is a millionaire *malgré lui*, and has only one desire to get rid of his money as soon as he can. The "Fight of Clean Government," again, is extremely bitter and a decidedly effective piece of satire. The stories vary very much in merit, but the best ones make interesting if not pleasant reading.

In Dickens's London, by F. Hopkinson Smith. (Smith, Elder.)

THIS book, in which both the pictures and the text are the work of an American artist, Mr. Hopkinson Smith, has a very pleasant outside, and as far as the pictures are concerned, a very pleasant inside as well. Mr. Smith has conscientiously explored all that remains of Dickens's London, and his charcoal drawings are well suited to such scenes as the George and Vulture, Mr. Grewgious' room in Staple Inn, or Mr. Tulkinghorn's famous house on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. To English readers it may seem an excess of hero-worship to be interested in a picture of London Bridge because Noah Claypole watched Nancy there, or in Covent Garden because it was the scene of Tom and Ruth Pinch's marketing, but Mr. Smith is clearly writing in the first place for an American public. In addition to "doing" London thoroughly, he also penetrated to Rochester, and drew the Bull and Gad's Hill. It seems almost a pity that when he was there he did not also draw the beautiful old Restoration House, the houses in High Street, where lived Miss Twinkleton and Uncle Pumblechook, and some of the other delightful places in Rochester that should have been well suited to his method. As regards the letterpress, it may be said that Mr. Smith does not contribute anything of great value on his own account, and that by far the best part of it consists of copious quotations from Dickens's works.

Aliens, by William McFee. (Edward Arnold.)

IN nine cases out of ten, if a family of British subjects living in an alien land were to suspect in a near neighbour one of their own nationality, they would begin to ask questions, if not to make overtures. In New Jersey, U.S.A., a mildly romantic author, an artist, and that artist's wife find themselves in this pleasant strait. Being rather agreeable, and not unfriendly, people, with time occasionally hanging heavy on their hands, this trio start to weave a tale about the beautiful but unapproachable Mrs. Carville next door. This tale is taking on the proportions of a mysterious, if somewhat shady, romance, when suddenly the absentee husband appears, a prosaic figure innocent of a shred of the bizarre. But all is not lost; the seemingly commonplace captain in the merchant service has his story, and this he tells in his own fashion. That it is an engrossing one the reader will discover for himself, while he must at the same time be struck by the cleverness of the portraits of the two brothers Carville, who, while opposed by nature to each other, separated in almost every interest, are constantly thrown by a malign fate each in the path of the other, with disastrous result to the elder, who tells the tale.

Little Madame Claude, by Hamilton Drummond. (Stanley Paul.)

THE reader who does not discover enjoyment in this tale of false impersonation, treachery and adventure must indeed be hard to please. The story is set in France, and Little Madame Claude is the daughter of Louis XII. of France and Anne of Brittany. Under the protection of the Marshal de Gie, by whom she is kept as a kind of hostage, the child is separated from her mother. This being a thorn in the side of the Queen, she impresses into her service a certain Breton gentleman, Charles Vibert, whom she entrusts with the mission of securing her child for her. He is not, however, to work alone in this enterprise; a temporary maid-of-honour to the Queen becomes his accomplice. In the swift-moving tale that follows Vibert's acceptance of the quest, there is much to keep on tenterhooks the lover of historical adventure, who will not willingly lay the book down until the last page is turned.

But She Meant Well, by William Caine. (The Bodley Head.)

THE heroine of this tale is called Hannah, and she is just five years of age, but her potentialities in the way of making herself felt are lightly rated when compared with those of five-times-five. Hannah is a terror; Mr. Caine seems to have seen her as a terror of extra large size. It seems a pity that this should have been so, for it somewhat takes the edge off our amusement at the many fiascos that dogged the train of this well-meaning little girl. It strikes us Mr. Caine does not love his Hannah overmuch; and, really, though she does at times seem to have been possessed, when all is said and done there is always the extenuating circumstance the title points out to us—she meant well. The book is full of humour, the slightly acid humour with which a pedant of not too philosophic temper might regard a tiresome, but well-intentioned, little girl whose adventurous spirit had cost him dear in the matter of peace and comfort; and Hannah is certainly not a heroine to be overlooked.

The Works of George Meredith, Standard Edition. (Constable.)

THIS new edition of George Meredith is extremely welcome. It has the very considerable virtues of a good, simple binding and large, clear print. It is, perhaps, rather difficult to read in war time, and more especially when the reader must really settle down to his work, but if we have the determination to do it, we are always particularly grateful afterwards for the rest and change of thought. It is almost impossible to read George Meredith and let the mind wander far afield at the same time, so that if anyone wants for a while to live in another world he can hardly do better than embark deliberately on a Meredith campaign. Here is a very pleasant chance for him to do it.

OUR NATIONAL HORSE SHORTAGE AND ITS REMEDY.

SIR,—Your letter to hand here. I should be very glad to help in any way, but as I am employed over here with the Army my time is not at my disposal. The question of horse supply is sufficiently comprehensive and requires technical knowledge as well as combined consideration. Writing hurriedly, it appears to solve itself thus:

(1) An authoritative statement from the Government what the requirements are for future possibilities.

(2) What material there is available in the British Isles and Colonies to carry out their views.

(3) The amount of money Government will grant annually.

Whether a scheme could be formulated based on present arrangements also depends largely on what the replies to queries are. Speaking generally, the English are not a horsey nation, and the ordinary English farmer, with few exceptions, cannot make breeding pay. He has not the technical knowledge or the land or time necessary. Machines are largely supplanting horses, and, excepting those who have the knowledge and luck to breed a saleable article, I can well understand the reason for saying "it does not pay." In Ireland certain farmers do breed good horses and make it fairly profitable, but so far as I know the dealer makes the best profit, notwithstanding "misfits," as he has a *clientèle* that can possibly do with an animal Government does not want and is not good enough perhaps to make a good hunter. Ireland is exceptional in many ways, as the ordinary Irishman knows a great deal more about horses than the ordinary Englishman. There are so many side issues involved, it is impossible to cover the ground in a hurried note; but if the Government want a supply of horses they must go into the matter in a businesslike way and be prepared to finance a scheme. After the war, I fear, there will be little money available for anyone. Horses are expensive animals to breed, and it is quite certain the Government must step into the breach, provided they accept it as necessary to have any cavalry and artillery reserves kept up in the country in view of uncertain contingencies. The question of mares and horses to mate with them also depends on present supply, taking into consideration, of course, the type of animal to be bred. There must be plenty of men who have the necessary knowledge in England and Ireland, and there must be pigeonholed somewhere, probably, the views and experiences of many men who have interested themselves in going into the general question. If one could get the War Office to take up the question with the Cabinet behind them some good might come, but it appears to me the difficulty will be in the finance—without the backing, all ideas, however sound and practical, are valueless. I should be only too pleased to go into all questions and points had I the time to give you. I have a fairly large experience of all sorts which is at all times at your disposal.—E. LOCKE ELLIOT, Lieutenant-General, British Expeditionary Force, France.

SIR,—The trouble is that so many people consider this matter from their own point of view. The hunting man thinks the most suitable horse for the Army is necessarily of the hunter type, and the Hunters' Improvement Society, which has recently taken up the subject, to some extent seems to me unable to get away from the recognised ideas of that society, which, though quite right in their way, do not cover the whole ground. In my opinion, the only practical way to decide what is best in the interests of the State is for the Government to appoint a small committee consisting of not more than six practical men with a thorough knowledge of horses of different breeds. The committee should include representatives of the War Office and the Board of Agriculture, and should hear such evidence as is considered necessary, reporting to the Government thereon. A large Commission is unwieldy and, from what I know of their procedure, seldom results in anything practical. My view is that the Government should serve a limited number of mares belonging to tenant farmers *free*, on the understanding that they have the right to purchase the progeny when three years old at a certain price—quite £40. The horses should be taken by the Government to *cavalry schools kept for the purpose*, to be trained. In that way the Government will be able to produce a serviceable horse at the age of five years ready for the Army, instead of the nondescript animals which hitherto they have tried to train to their requirements. The Government might even have one or two breeding establishments of their own; but I think we want to *encourage our farmers all we can* to breed horses, as it would not only be a help to them but *to the country*. You have done a great deal of good by ventilating the subject in COUNTRY LIFE, but I want to see some action taken, as this problem has been talked about for years.—HOWARD FRANK.

SIR,—Some of the finest horses ever bred in England as riding-horse stallions were produced in the early days of steeplechasing. When stallions became less used in steeplechasing the sport and the type of horse declined. If the National Hunt would establish long-distance steeplechases for entire horses we should automatically obtain a number of weight-carrying stallions, thoroughbred or with the least possible strain. Then, when we have done our best to provide the country with stallions of the right type, a great step will have been made. I am not advocating the establishment of Government studs or stallions; that is not necessary or to be desired in England. Private enterprise is the secret of our success, but in the interests of the nation it should be controlled and encouraged. But the mares, though not so important as the stallions (the mare's annual progeny is one, the horse's many), must come into any national scheme. Owners of mares should be encouraged and subsidised if they reach the Board's standard. I am convinced that young mares should be bred from. One or two foals should be taken from the fillies before they are put into regular work. The small breeder who is willing to send his fillies to an approved horse should receive a subsidy for them while in foal. I do not see

why, of the filly foals so bred, a certain number should not be purchased every year by the Board and planted out with approved breeders, who would receive the foal she produced for their pains, reserving a right of pre-emption for the Government at a certain price. But it is of no use encouraging people to breed horses unless we can induce a large number of people to keep them. To I may so speak, occupation and a place must be found for a much larger number of horses than are kept at the present time. Hunting and polo will provide homes and work for many horses, but there must be found some other means of inducing people to keep horses. It must have occurred to everyone what an advantage it would have been to us if the Yeomanry had been mounted instead of having about one more or less useless (from the Service point of view) horse to every three troopers. What occurs to me is that every trooper who is willing in the case of a European war to go on foreign service should receive a Government horse for his own use, with the provision that the horse came up for its annual service in hard condition. It would be a good plan to make the giving out of the horse dependent on the temporary owner holding a riding school certificate, testifying that he could train a horse in the simpler movements of the *manège* so as to give it balance and the use of its limbs. These suggestions would, I believe, have the effect of increasing our reserve of horses and improving the quality and usefulness of those horses which the nation needs in time of war. With the necessary changes of detail the same methods might be used in encouraging the breeding and improvement of animals wanted for draught and pack purposes.—T. F. DALE.

SIR,—I give a rough outline of a scheme which I think would overcome the difficulties more efficiently and more economically than any other form of State-aided or State-owned light horse breeding scheme.

(1) For the purpose of this scheme the British Isles would be divided up into small districts which would have the same boundaries as the various Hunts. In districts where there is no hunting other boundaries would have to be arranged.

(2) In each district a large committee would be formed of suitable resident hunting men and other members of the Hunters' Improvement Society, with the M.F.H. or some other prominent man as Chairman.

(3) A central committee would be formed of the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of each district committee, who, subject to Government instructions, would control and regulate the general policy of the scheme.

(4) The Government would authorise the central committee, either direct or through the district committees, to buy all the best available hunter mares or mares likely to breed hunter stock.

(5) These mares would remain the property of the Government, and each district committee would have a certain number of mares allotted to them which they would arrange to place with approved farmers in their district who had sufficient suitable grass land to accommodate at least five horses each in addition to the number required to work their land without interfering with their ordinary course of farming.

(6) The district committees would be authorised to pay to farmers who took charge of these Government mares an annual sum within certain limits for each animal which would pay the farmers to keep these mares and their produce as well or slightly better than keeping other stock.

(7) The premium stallions for each district would be selected by a sub-committee of the central committee, and the number of mares these stallions might serve would be limited. They would serve the Government mares in their district at a fixed fee in addition to the premium.

(8) If a district committee considered that any Government mare in their district was not suitable to be mated with their premium stallion they would have power to mate such a mare with any other sound stallion in their district which they thought to be more suitable.

(9) Each district committee would appoint a local veterinary surgeon, who would be paid a fixed annual fee by the Government to attend when necessary any Government mares and their produce in their district.

(10) It would be the duty of the veterinary surgeon to inspect each Government mare and her produce in his district once each quarter and to report on their condition to the district committee.

(11) The district committees would meet at least once a quarter to consider these reports and to transact other business.

(12) Each member of a district committee would be invited to take a personal interest in, say, five Government mares in his district. The district committee would be largely guided by his advice in the mating of these mares and in dealing with their stock.

(13) A district committee would have power to remove any Government mares and their produce at any time from the keeping of any farmer who in their opinion was not attending to them properly.

(14) An annual show would be held in each district, at which all Government mares in that district and their produce would be exhibited. The following first, second and third prizes would be awarded for the following animals in the best condition: 1—Mares; 2—Yearlings; 3—Two year olds; 4—Three year olds; 5—Four year olds; also, 6—Best colt foal; 7—Best filly foal; 8—Best yearling colt; 9—Best yearling filly; 10—Best two year old colt; 11—Best two year old filly; 12—Best three year old colt; 13—Best three year old filly; 14—Best four year old colt; 15—Best four year old filly.

(15) The district committees at the annual shows would also have power to make additional weekly grants for the past year to any farmers whose Government stock appeared to have been specially well "done."

(16) At the conclusion of each district show all the Government four year olds would be sold by public auction. It is anticipated that such sales would attract a large number of buyers.

(17) The War Office would send representatives to each district show, who would buy in any four year olds that were required for the Army. These would be at once removed to Army remount stables.

(18) This would prevent the waste of unnecessarily fine and valuable animals being selected from the Government four year olds for Army purposes, and would also enable the Government after a period of years to ascertain accurately whether the scheme was self-supporting or not.

(19) Subject to Government instructions, any younger stock that the district committees did not consider sufficiently promising to keep would also be disposed of at these annual sales.

(20) A register of all Government stock would be kept, and this would be an important step in the direction of breeding light horses on scientific lines in the future.—H. W. CHERRY-DOWNES.

SIR,—In endeavouring to create a new horse stock we should surely go to the taproot of the matter and utilise our native pony mares, which are probably the foundation from which most of our best horses have been raised. A 12h. Exmoor pony mare mated with a 15h. 2in. thoroughbred, half-bred or hackney stallion usually breeds a good type of 13h. 2in. cob. Such 13h. 2in. mares mated at three years old with (up to) 16h. thoroughbred, half-bred or hackney stallions breed 15h. to 15h. 2in. horses, which in their turn breed horses when mated with their like. The great thing in these crosses is not to use too much thoroughbred blood, or the type will become weedy. If the first generation is by a thoroughbred, then the second should be by a stout hackney, or *vice versa*. If a number of hill pony mares were set aside next spring for the purpose suggested, it would not be very long before the country was in possession of a number of hardy young mares of the best type, which would form the nucleus of a really valuable stock.—C. J. DAVIES.

SIR,—The Board of Agriculture Scheme has not yet had time to show its value, but to be really effective it must, in any case, require considerable development in those counties where horse breeding is not a usual part of farming practice. The stallions have too great a distance to travel and, in consequence, many mares miss or fail to get a service. Then no care is taken to mate the animals according to their breeding, formation and colour. A stallion comes into a district and, if considered equally suitable for all breeds of mares, the misfits are unnecessarily numerous; in any event, breeding from half-breeds is a very uncertain business and there are no big plums—discouragement ensues. Then, again, if after the brood mares have been allotted, for various reasons, at the end of the year custodians wish to return them, more especially if the mare is supposed to be barren, no new custodian is forthcoming for this barren mare; there is no place to send her, no allowance for keep. It may be quite an accident that she is barren, and she either has to be sold at a loss or the State has to be indebted to some private individual for keeping her—that cannot continue. It is the same when mares are originally purchased; a man is willing to take a mare, but he is not willing to take any mare offered to him. The mares have to be sent somewhere where they can be seen—again to a private individual's stable or farm. Definite centres will have to be formed where mares can be collected in the first instance, taken in to grass in the breeding season, etc. Custodians must have a wider choice of stallions at the reduced fees, so far as the horse's list will allow. There are ominous hints in some papers of opposition to hunting after the war. If hunting were to cease or be largely curtailed there would be no chance of a market, and the State would either have to breed its own horses or give much larger prices for horses on a scale: (1) Officers'; (2) first, and (3) second class army horses; but given the continuance of hunting, the Board of Agriculture scheme, developed by experience, should go far to produce horses. Better mares are required, though they cannot be bought in large numbers and of good shape and breeding at the present prices allowed by the Board. Could not mares be cast from the Army at ten years and boarded out, remount buyers being allowed to give more for fillies than geldings and so get good mares in the Army, *i.e.*, under the State and therefore safe from export?—"KENT."

SIR,—I venture to suggest a possible solution. Among the letters in COUNTRY LIFE there are three which touch on the proposal I submit, viz., those of Mr. George Cradock, Mr. S. Hoddinott and Lord Arthur Grosvenor. I refer to the question of Government stud farms. Our national horse supply (hunters, light horses, vanners, etc.) should be an entirely separate thing from the supply of horses for the cavalry and Army remounts. By all means encourage fox-hunting by every means possible, and the demand for high-class hunters will create the supply. Misfits for hunters could be bought for remounts by the Government, which should not in any way depend on them. The War Office for the supply of horses for the Army should depend on its own resources alone, as do other Continental countries—notably that of our present enemy—and without delay institute Government stud farms. Mr. Hoddinott most public spiritedly offers his farm of 600 acres, and no doubt there are many places in England where stud farms could be easily established. Why not utilise suitable parts of Ireland for this purpose, where the soil is favourable for forming bone? It is repugnant, and goes against the grain at the present time to quote the system in force in Germany, but I repeat what I wrote about some seven years ago on my return from a visit there. I went very thoroughly into the system on which the Government stud farms are run. What first attracted attention was the high quality and looks of the mares driven into market by the farmers in various country towns in the North of Germany. I ascertained that these mares did not belong to them, but were the property of the German Government, and were lent to the farmers for light carting or market use. These mares were put free to the entire horses kept at various Government stud farms all over the country. The Government buy, at three years old, the produce of the mares from the farmers, who are assured of a ready market. In addition, a great many brood mares are kept at the stud farms, and various types of entire horses, some of weight-

carrying hunter type, but most of them English thoroughbreds. Hundreds of yearlings, two year olds, three year olds and four year olds may be seen running at grass in large paddocks and enclosures kept for the purpose, which are, of course, changed, manured and in some years mown, and not allowed to get "horse-sick." An annual sale is held of all the four year olds. German officers buy the best of them for 'chasers, etc., and the remainder go for remounts, ensuring a constant supply for the Army. A Government official resides at the stud farm, and under his control is also the large riding school, where the young horses are broken and trained. In my humble opinion, until something is done on the lines of the German system I have roughly outlined above, and the Government decide to put a tax on all mares exported from the country, including Ireland, we shall, as Mr. Prevost-Battersby wrote, "continue to waste millions yearly on inadequate pretences, which will once more breed disaster in the hour of need." What is the good of all the present system of registration, ear-marking, subsidies, an army of officials and buyers all over the country, entailing an enormous amount of expenditure and wastage? Four years ago the Government issued an annual grant of £40,000 for the encouragement of horse breeding; result, the Army horse is produced in greater quantities for the replenishment of foreign armies. Stud farms might cost the country a little more than the present inefficient system, or lack of system, now in vogue, but it would be money well spent, and the Army would never be short of horses, whose soundness would be almost guaranteed by the employment of sound sires. I am glad to see that such men as Mr. George Cradock, Mr. Hoddinott and others are entirely of the same opinion.—C. LESLIE FOX.

SIR,—I am not in favour of Government breeding studs. Experience teaches that to be a uniformly successful breeder very special qualities are required, and the Remount Department is scarcely likely to discover officers possessing the needful talents, since when serving with the Colours they have no opportunity of gaining the necessary experience. In addition, there must always be a considerable proportion of barren mares and unsuitable offspring, and such would add immensely to the cost of the remounts. It would be far wiser to leave the production to private enterprise, for then all the money expended in purchasing horses is spent upon the acquisition of sound and apparently suitable animals, and not wasted upon barren mares, or on the lame, the halt and the blind. Provided a good market can be assured for young stock, private enterprise can be relied upon to furnish an adequate supply. This market, however, the Government themselves must create and maintain, since fewer horses are now required by the general public on account of the ever-increasing demand for motor traction. The bugbear of breeding is the difficulty of disposing of the second-rate horses, which yet make admirable troop horses. Such animals, which ever preponderate, cannot be produced at a profit to the breeder at the poor price hitherto paid by the Government. If it were generally known that the Government would purchase annually a large number of three year olds at £50 a piece the stimulus to breeding would probably be so great that sufficient would be reared by private persons if suitable mares were available, but there will be a difficulty in this respect in the immediate future. Our old hunting stock, more especially the Irish, is the best foundation for riding horses in the world when it is clear of cart-blood; but to breed out a cross of this takes a very long time indeed, even if it can ever be done. At the present moment I possess an animal, an ideal well bred weight-carrier to look at, which to my knowledge possesses four excellent crosses of thoroughbred blood, but whose nostrils betray a cross of the cart-blood, to which, no doubt, undesirable qualities, such as want of speed, may also be attributed. The many good mares still doing duty in the ranks are therefore a most valuable national asset, which should be conserved with the utmost care. Army mares returned from the front, which should remain the property of the Government, might be distributed gratis to those who would accept their charge, and be mated with Government stallions, the produce to be shown to the remount officers when three years old, to be taken at the fixed price of £50. If the Government did not take the animal, it would become the property of the breeder; but some compensation should be paid to the latter towards the keep of dam and youngster, for if the latter is not good enough for the Government, there will undoubtedly be difficulty in disposing of it at all. Fifteen pounds at the rate of £5 per annum would not be an excessive sum. That such a scheme would be costly there is no doubt, but to obtain a sufficient supply of horses the Government *must* spend money freely under whatever plan they may adopt. As a few very superior horses will be produced quite above the requirements of a troop horse, the breeder should be permitted to redeem such a one at a fixed price when brought up for inspection, and £12 10s. would be a fair sum to pay for the privilege of retaining it. This sum is arrived at in the following way: The Government value for a three year old being £50 and £75—good value for a colt of that age unbroken, the difference between the two sums, £25, should be divided. The breeder gains a good horse at the cost of the keep of the dam and the colt, plus the sum of £12 10s. paid to the Government. To keep up the supply of mares the latter should be drafted out of the ranks at the age of eight years old and be allotted to breeders as above, thereby also creating a reserve of trained animals which might be useful in case of emergency. As for the stallions, the Government system already in existence works fairly well in practice, but the numbers require to be largely augmented. No district in England where horses can be reared successfully should be without a suitable sire at hand. There is but one breed capable of transmitting to the half-bred offspring the desired qualities of "steel" and "energy" needed in a saddle horse, and that is the thoroughbred. Where, however, a mare shows a tendency to lightness of conformation and already possesses a preponderance of thoroughbred blood, the good qualities of the Yorkshire coach horse as an outcross should not be overlooked. This breed is scarcely as well known as it deserves. It already possesses a considerable share of thoroughbred blood, has length, good bone and a handsome outline, and is, moreover, remarkable for courage and docility. Being a long and well established breed, it can be relied upon for reproducing itself

true to type, whereas the so-called weight-carrying hunter sires are usually of such short reliable ancestry there is no saying to what undesirable ancestor the produce may revert.—R. F. MEYSEY THOMPSON (Colonel).

SIR,—It is very evident that, owing principally to the increased price of cattle, horses have been found not to pay so well, especially light horses, the produce of the light mares used by many farmers and the subsidised Departmental thoroughbred. My experience is that the best general utility horse can be produced by mating big-boned half-bred stallions with the little blood mares now much used by farmers who have little tillage in this county, and I think half-bred stallions never received enough encouragement. The best weight-carrying hunters I ever saw were got by half-bred stallions and working blood mares, and no day was too long for them. I believe the constitutions of horses are vastly better when the sire and dam are worked, which I think accounts for the great reputation for hardihood of the Irish horse, mainly caused by the careful working and feeding of the dam by the Irish farmer. I had a 13st. hunter stallion bred in this way which carried me faultlessly for nine seasons, when I sold him fresh and well for £200. I regret to say that there are many hopelessly bad and unsound half-bred stallions, and the owners canvass their friends for mares with success at any fees they can fetch. It is generally admitted that some legislation to put a stop to this would be a great benefit to horse breeding.—W. P. HANBY.

SIR,—I do not believe in State breeding establishments, but suitable places and men for breaking and schooling horses from the beginning might be arranged for. If horses cannot be got in this country, would it not be possible to buy regularly young unbroken horses from some of our Colonies where they can be produced cheaper? If the Government got more on hand than were wanted in peace times, they could be sold at five or six years old to make room for younger ones, and being well broken they would probably meet a fair demand. This alone would help to keep up the horse stock in this country, and in cases of necessity like the present many of these horses could be rebought by the Government. Years ago this county produced a great many good hunters, but there was a good trade for them unbroken. This trade seems now to have gone. I do not quite know how to account for it, but before Government premiums were given there were always in this county seven or eight thoroughbred stallions of a good stamp; now I only know of one, and that not quite what is wanted. A premium stallion, and often a very indifferent one, is sent, but he has to travel a very wide area and is not, therefore, sufficiently available, even if he happened to be good enough. I do not think further Government assistance or interference would do any good.—WILLIAM PARKIN MOORE.

SIR,—There are only two classes of horses that one can breed with any chance of success—and these are the thoroughbred and the pure breeds of cart-horses, Shires, Clydesdales and Suffolks—in this country. It does not pay to breed the half-bred, because it is impossible to know what you are going to produce in breeding from a half-bred mare. The same applies to a half-bred sire. It has been proved times out of number. You may produce an animal worth £150 as a four year old if you are lucky; you may only produce an animal that the military authorities will give but £40 for if it is bought direct from the breeder. What is usually the case with a small breeder is, the foal produced is probably "spotted" at birth and noted down by a dealer's buyer. Does the breeder get the £150 if it is a good one, and does he get the £40 if purchased by the military buyers? In the former case he is lucky to breed the animal for a start, and in the latter the animal is probably bought by a Government agent, who wants his profit, which means he probably pays £30 for a four year old. The conundrum therefore resolves itself into this—does it pay to produce a four year old suitable for military purposes, either for cavalry, artillery or draught purposes? The answer is in the negative. In the first place there is the interest on the original cost of the mare, there is the fee of the sire, there is four years' keep of the animal, the chances of a mare missing, the cost of breeding, and only a prospect of £40 if the breeder is lucky, and the chances of disease or accident to the animal during the four years, during which period it is of no use to the small breeder. The present method employed is generally as follows: A small farmer has a mare whose origin is probably unknown to him; he has used it until there is little use for it, it having become decrepit, unsound or aged; he probably decides to send it to the nearest horse because it costs the least, half-bred or thoroughbred, whichever it may be, possibly a travelling sire or a premium horse, if there happens to be one. What chance of success is there of breeding anything from two unknown quantities? This is the usual way thousands of horses are bred in Ireland and in this country, and is foredoomed to failure from the start. The mare is then probably made to earn her grub, which perhaps means a heavy day's work between the shafts, or is turned out altogether to grass and not done at all. The result is a miserable foal suckled by an aged mare. It is then weaned, and probably never sees an oat, and becomes pot-bellied and full of worms, or it may be sold as a sucker and has to take its chance. If it survives these ordeals and has any quality about it—any make or shape—it is either broken at home or sold to a dealer of mounts at four years old at a small price, which leaves no margin for any profit to the breeder. If we take the more rosy side—a well-to-do farmer or hunting man—he probably has a well-bred, good-looking mare, possibly with a made-up pedigree (if any) or possibly a mare he has bred himself. If he is interested he takes trouble to mate the mare to a suitable blood horse, whose get he has satisfied himself about. He pays a fee of, say, £5 5s. He probably has railway expenses and keep of mare when visiting, say, in all £10. He does his mare well while in foal, say, £15 per annum; the foal at birth has cost him £25. He does the foal well at £10 per annum. At four years old it would therefore have cost him, with breaking, shoeing, etc., at least £65 by May 1st as a four year old. It may then be a misfit, in which case it might not be suitable for a cavalry horse. I imagine that it is not good enough for its owner to ride and is sold to the Government. Where

is the profit in a possible £40? On the other hand, if the animal proves worthy of the fee and the trouble and expense of breeding, the breeder probably keeps it for his own riding, or sells it at a price that pays him for his trouble, care and attention. He has also to consider the question of failures in other mares, as well as the dam, who has missed on previous occasions, or other bad luck which only a breeder knows. The small breeder can be assisted by the Government buying direct from the breeder, and secure the full profit, if there is any in a four year old at £40. If this was done it would entail a lot of bother and trouble to the Government buyer in travelling about the country to inspect single animals. This, however, could be remedied by the Government buyer signifying his intention of visiting certain districts at stated periods, whose breeders could produce their four year olds for inspection. Would the small breeder be assisted thus be capable of breaking the animal sufficiently well for the approval of the Government buyer? He can be assisted also by the Government paying a price that will pay the breeder, say, at least £50 for a four year old; by the Government buying the horses required at a younger age, which would be false economy, as an animal for military work should be not less than five years old; by issuing military mares to small breeders of a suitable type at an age when they have some good left in them and that are free from hereditary disease and vice, and that should be mated with approved or Government sires, which, in my opinion, should be thoroughbred sires only, the Government to have the refusal of all foals up to four years of age. If a system such as the latter were carried out a type of horse suitable for military purposes would soon come into existence, and by always using thoroughbred sires the class of horse produced would constantly be improving, and the animals produced should be suitable for mounted infantry, light cavalry and medium and heavy cavalry. Horse and field artillery and light and heavy draught mares and sires should be subject to inspection annually by competent persons to see they are properly cared for and not abused. Mares should be branded or ear-marked, and cast at a certain age or for any hereditary disease or unsoundness. Foals should be branded or ear-marked to show they are Government property. At four years old they should either become the property of the Government at a fixed price that leaves a margin of profit to the breeder. Classes at local shows might be established, at which prizes should be given by Government for produce of their mares. This would encourage the breeders to do the young stock, say, Government mare with foal at foot, by a Government sire. Prizes also should be awarded for yearlings, two, three and four years old, the produce of Government mares. A class at the summer show at Olympia might be established for those only that have been successful at the local shows in previous years. Make and shape should not only be a consideration, but also the condition in which the animal is shown, and the prizes should be substantial enough to pay the breeder.—ROBERT B. BRASSEY (Capt.).

SIR,—I would advocate making it compulsory for all two and three year old half-bred and sound fillies to be bred from for the next three years. The Inland Revenue should not, directly a farmer does a little business in horses, charge him on Schedule D.—J. L. WALKER.

SIR,—I know of horses on the register in Ireland that get bad stock and some that get none at all, while good horses that get the best of stock are not put on. What small breeders want are sires that get good stock, which is easily sold. The department cut down the thoroughbred sires' fee to the level of the cart sire, which is most unreasonable—from £3 to £2 for nominated mares—and the breeders will not give anything. No one can keep a good thoroughbred sire and let him at such a fee. Stallion owners should be paid at least £3 for nominated mares, and no mare should get a nomination that is over seven years. As the young mares are wanted in the country they should not go to our enemies, as they have been now for the past ten or twelve years. One important matter that is overlooked by breeders is the mating of sires and mares. A good many have not the remotest idea of picking out a suitable sire for their mares. The get of ill-mated animals is bound to be a misfit. I am of opinion there should be Government studs established and supervised by competent managers if we mean to have a good supply of horses in the United Kingdom.—SOUTH IRELAND.

SIR,—Horses must be got somewhere and bred by someone. The Government must do it themselves. There is plenty of land, especially in Ireland, suitable for the purposes of a stud farm. This land could be bought, and machinery, stables, barns and houses erected. The land should be within, if possible, two miles of a railway station, and well watered. There are plenty of men available to put a stud farm into, and keep it in, working order. Thoroughbred stallions, well made, well bred and sound, can be bought. The mares can easily be got from army drafts. At present, mares as well as geldings are being bought and used by the Army. Several of these mares come to grief from various causes. Instead of selling them out of the strength, as at present, they could be sent to the stud farm. Of course, the Government should have several of these farms placed throughout the country. When the farms are full, the surplus mares could be given to farmers resident in the district. These mares can, of course, be used by the farmers in any way, but would be the Government property, and should be served by Government sires. The produce at three years old to be taken by Government, if required, at a fixed price, say £30. If not required, to belong to the farmer who bred it, to dispose of in any way he wished. Farmers should also be allowed to register their own mares, if up to Government standard, and receive a certain sum, say £1 10s., for doing so. These mares to be registered yearly, covered by Government stallions and the produce to belong to the Government at three years old at a fixed sum, say £30, if required. These young horses should be sent to a separate establishment, to be carefully and slowly broken at four years old, and be sent to a cavalry or artillery depot for their final training. No well bred or well shaped mare should be sold out of the Government service. All forage necessary for the stud farms should be bought from the local farmers.—GEORGE B. McVEAGH, M.H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NAME "THOMAS ATKINS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of October 31st, page 570, there appears a paragraph on the nickname "Tommy" as applied to the British soldier. Will you allow me to correct the statement that the generic name "Thomas Atkins" owes its origin to the imaginary warrior whose name used formerly to appear in the model account between the captain and his company? No doubt this derivation is the truth, but it is not the whole truth. Private Thomas Atkins was a real soldier. His regiment was the old 32nd Foot, now the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. The conspicuous part played by this corps in the defence of the Residency at Lucknow is a matter of history; and it was in the fateful year 1857 at the Oudh capital that Atkins came into prominence—for one brief moment. The threatened outbreak had not as yet occurred, but every precaution had been taken. Suddenly an alarm arose, and the soldiers hastened from all directions to their rallying posts. On their way some of them passed a sentry, posted unsupported in an exposed and dangerous position. His comrades warned him of his peril and urged him to seek safety. They were met with the reply that they might do as they chose, but that Thomas Atkins would never quit his post until he had been properly relieved. He paid for his blind but not inglorious sense of duty with his life. During the long and weary months of the siege that followed it came to pass that, whenever a soldier displayed marked devotion, his fellows were wont to declare: "He's a regular Tommy Atkins!" When the garrison of Lucknow was reinforced by Outram's and Havelock's troops, and again at the final relief of the Residency under Sir Colin Campbell, the name came to be handed on to other regiments as the common designation of the British soldier in exactly the same manner as the mutinous Sepoy was dubbed "Pandy," after the name of the notorious Mangal Pandi, whose action precipitated the outbreak at Barrackpore. Thank God Pandi is forgotten—dead and buried; but Tommy is still alive—very much so. May his life be long!—A WOUNDED OFFICER OF ATKINS' OWN REGIMENT.

RADIUMISING THE SOIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the article on the use of ligulate for the increased production of fruits, vegetables and cereals, which appeared in the issue of this journal, November 28th, several hundreds of enquiries have been received. In many cases signatures and addresses are uncertain; all enquirers are therefore asked to send stamped and addressed envelope with their enquiries to Professor Scammell, M.S.C.I., Harold Cottage, Maison Dieu Road, Dover.—S.

THE PROLIFIC BULRUSH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I brought an unusually large head of bulrush from a pond at Buxted and put it on my mantel-shelf, where it remained for three weeks, when one morning I discovered the most singular result—a mass of seed vessels 16in. in length and 8in. in breadth, like an old man's beard, almost entirely concealing the head. I then saw the reason of the common term for bulrush, "Cat's Tail!" I am told there are 7,000,000 seeds in one head! Can this be possible? Each seed has its aeroplane and sails away in the open with the least current of air. Under the microscope each seed seems suspended with a trailing rope and hanging from ribs like an umbrella frame turned inside out which revolves as it progresses. I have it under a 24in. by 8in. glass case. No seeds have fallen.—E. D. T.

THE FRESHWATER SHRIMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The amphipod, commonly known as the freshwater shrimp (*Gammarus pulex*), has an enormous range. It is of such common occurrence that no description is needed, nor need the well-understood problem of its dispersal be elaborated here, but it may be of interest to learn that some specimens have been taken from a stagnant pool 15,600ft. above sea level, on the summit of the Killik Pass, between the Northern Hunza Range and the Taghdunkash Pamir. According to a note in a recently issued copy of the "Records of the Indian Museum" this is the highest altitude at which this species has ever been found, being 5,000ft. higher than the previous record, which was from Turkestan. The specimens in question differed so very slightly from the description of the type by Sars, that it has not been thought necessary to create a new species in this instance.—ALBERT WADE.

LETTERS FROM A SUBALTERN, R.F.A.

A reader of COUNTRY LIFE, to whom our best thanks are due, allows us to publish the accompanying letters from his son—now serving at the front in the Royal Field Artillery.

October 25th.

We are in action as I write, and every few minutes we loose off a few rounds just to keep the Deutsches from getting blasé. There is a battle of sorts going on, but even if I were allowed to tell just what is happening I could not, as I have not the remotest idea. Sitting behind a hill one's view of a battle boils down like this:



One hears a terrific amount of noise, and sees absolutely nothing except shells and aeroplanes of all shapes and denominations. I had a somewhat closer view than this the other day, when I was sent with a message to the infantry trenches. There was a lot of firing going on, and we had to cross several places that were being quite plentifully sprinkled with shrapnel—in fact, one might call it quite a "death ride." This is an impression of what I must have looked like if my appearance corresponded with my feelings:



On the way back I stalked a sitting pheasant with my revolver, but he saw my hand shaking, and much warfare having trained him to a high degree in taking cover, he slipped away before I could open fire.



I watched the Germans setting a farm alight the other day. They did it in six shots, but there must have been a lot of wood in it; it looked something like this:



Luckily, we only had two horses in it at the time. Another subaltern and I had intended to leave ours in there while we went up to the infantry, but thought better of it just in time, and left them about one hundred yards down the road. Setting houses and haystacks on fire with shells is not nearly so easy as it looks, as we have since found out. We had the job of firing a haystack in which was a Deutsche machine gun, but though we demolished the stack it would not catch fire.



One of our howitzer batteries shelled a farm not long ago in which were a company of German infantry. Almost the first shell hit the farm, and a French observer reported that it was followed by "des cries terribles, et des pertes qui devaient être énormes." They retired to a railway station, on which the same battery opened fire a short time afterwards. The French observer said that this time they did not wait, but "se sont sauvés par toutes les portes, et toutes les fenêtres!"

November 6th.

I am doing a detached job now, which I will tell you all about later. It keeps me pretty busy, and gives very little time for even washing and shaving, and much less writing letters. I have had three consecutive days of heavy bombardment from German guns, which have done wonderfully little damage to life, the total bag during three days being two chicken (shrapnelled), one calf hit in the nose, and one man in the false teeth. But it is a most nerve-shattering affair with all the noise it makes, and the village from which I write has not a single house standing with a decent roof to it, and most of them are knocked to pieces or burned down. Just think of the utter despair of the wretched inhabitants returning to find their homes a heap of unrecognisable ruins, their livestock all dead or gone, and not a single thing left to them in the world. If people at home only realised what war means to the non-combatant, every able-bodied man in the country would enlist, if only to prevent the war being carried into England. We do not appreciate the fury of the French at the burning of Rheims Cathedral; but if the Germans were to bombard Canterbury Cathedral we would hear all about it. I hope the Russians will keep them on the run in the East, as it will make all the difference to us if they have to keep large forces concentrated on their Eastern frontier.

November 8th.

I have just returned from another turn in the trenches. I am going to send you half a pair of field-glasses which have done me a great service. I was standing up in a trench—a little over-confident—watching the result of our shooting through

the glasses, when "Biff!" and I received a terrific bang in the eye. Of course it knocked me down, and I wondered for a minute or two why on earth I was still alive. I distinctly heard one of the men say: "Pore devil, 'e's got it in the 'ead." A bullet had hit the lens of the glasses and been deflected by the prism, passing out at the side as you will see. I found half the glasses one side of the trench and half the other; the right half is still quite serviceable, so behold your son with a beautiful black eye. I only wish I could send you the bullet too, but it went the way of all bullets. I am back with the battery now—rather glad to get rid of a rather nerve-trying job, though it was a great experience and well worth the black eye.



AN OLD CHARM USED BY GERMAN SOLDIERS.

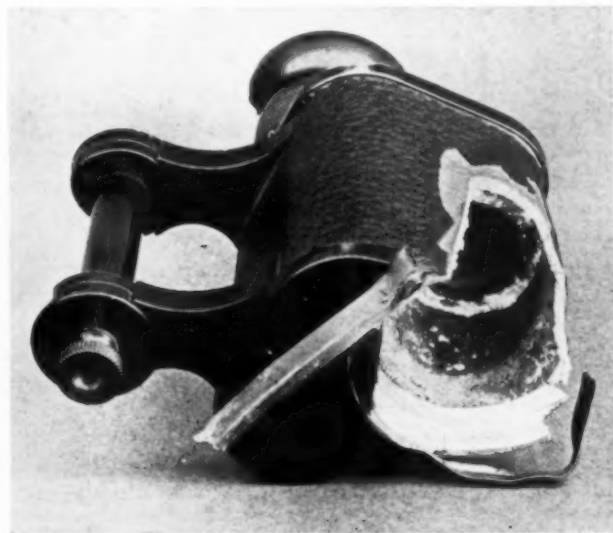
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A curious description of a charm worn by German soldiers during the Franco-Prussian War, by a writer in an old volume of *Notes and Queries* may prove of interest at the present moment. It is probable, however, that in the light of our present knowledge of the species the narrator's opening remarks may be regarded as somewhat flattering, for he tells us that "the soldiers of Germany now pass for the best educated and most intelligent soldiers in the world. This," he goes on to say, "is no doubt true of those who do not come out of the lowest classes of society but I doubt the superior intelligence of those who do belong to the lowest classes. At all events, superstition seems to be rife amongst them and superstition is not generally regarded as a mark of intelligence." One of the charms which he alludes to was taken from a German soldier during what he describes as "the late war," and brought to England by an English surgeon, who, in the course of a lecture afterwards delivered upon it in Cambridge, informed his audience that these charms were worn and firmly believed in by a very large number of German soldiers. This particular one was photographed by Maltby and Co., Barnsbury Hall, Islington, London, N., and the inscription written upon it was translated by the writer from whom I quote and runs as follows: "The charm came down from God in 1724, and hovered about some representation of the baptism of Mary Magdalene in Holstein, refusing to be caught until 1791, when someone had the happy thought to copy it as it hovered. The essence of the charm seems to consist in the letters L.T.L.K.H.B.K.N.K. pronounced in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Whoever wears this charm need have no fear of thieves or murderers, swords or firearms of any sort, neither will he receive injury from storm, fire, water, or any assaults of the evil one, nor will he be taken prisoner. No bullet will strike him, be it of gold, of silver or of lead. Whoever doubts this may hang this charm round a dog's neck and shoot at him, he will find that he cannot hit him. The greater part of the charm, however," he tells us, "consists of pious exhortations couched in biblical language, threats of evil to those who disbelieve in it, and promises of reward to those who believe in it and do what it enjoins. It concludes with a tale bearing witness to its efficacy and well calculated to inspire confidence into a superstitious soldier. A certain Count in Schleswig Holstein had a servant who had given himself up in his father's stead to have his head cut off. The executioner stood up to perform his office, when, lo and behold, his sword was powerless in his hands. The Count seeing this asked the servant how it was that the sword did him no harm, and the servant showed him the charm with its mystical letters.—G. V. C.

THE RECLAMATION OF WASTE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The consequences of such a colossal war as that now being waged without a mastery of the overseas traffic suggests consequent economic results fraught with possibilities too awful to contemplate. Why need we be so entirely at the mercy of food supplies from outside our home coasts when rich soil (alluvial and otherwise), totalling hundreds of thousands of acres, merely requires (metaphorically speaking) spade work and capital to make it productive? The land that yields most corn per acre in England to-day is land reclaimed from the once watery waste of the Fens. Prior to the year 1625 an immense tract of land extending from Bedfordshire to Norfolk (together with a patch in South Lincolnshire) was a huge morass. Then Vermuyden, a Dutch engineer, was called in, and devised the main drainage scheme in that area now existent, the leading instigator of that project being the then Duke of Bedford, whose successor to-day is noted for his model farms. Another instance. About sixty years ago an Act of Parliament was obtained "to enclose from the sea" an area of 32,000 acres by the Norfolk Estuary Company. This district borders on The Wash, upon the south-west coast of Norfolk, and known locally as "Marshland"; and, writing as one knowing every square mile of the district, I can vouch for what Nature, assisted by man's efforts, has done for this now highly productive area in food raising. On the north coast of the same county (at Wells-next-the-Sea) in 1858 the then Earl of Leicester reclaimed 600 acres at his own cost of over £30,000. Other immense tracts of rich alluvial soil (covered only at high water of spring tides) on the Norfolk and other coasts are merely waiting capital and its concomitant factor—labour—to develop it. Estates saddled with encumbrances left by former possessors have no margin available for private reclaiming enterprises. Then let the Government step in and subsidise such necessary ventures. I have advocated the importance of this subject for many years, and am convinced that thinking men must agree with me.—S. FRANK SAINTY.



THE BROKEN FIELD GLASSES.

A QUAIN
FRIENDSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which I think may interest your readers. The young crow and puppy were great friends, and the photograph I obtained at an odd moment.—A. V. H. HARDY.

USE OF DOGS
FOR DRAUGHT
PURPOSES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Referring to the correspondence on the use of dogs for the haulage of wheeled vehicles, commercial and other, now proceeding in your pages, I agree entirely with the views expressed by Mr. Arthur O. Cooke. There certainly is not, of necessity, any greater cruelty in using dogs for draught purposes than there is in using horses or oxen for the same purpose. I have seen dogs thus drawing loads on countless occasions in Belgium and Holland, less often in France (where it is certainly not illegal), and occasionally in the streets of far-off Winnipeg. I enclose a photograph which I took not long since on the banks of the Meuse, at Laifour, in the Belgian Ardennes, showing a baker or milk-vendor riding with his trade-stock in a small four-wheeled cart, drawn by four dogs, harnessed abreast, and proceeding along a road at a fast gallop. These dogs, which I saw at rest also, showed no more signs of distress or ill-usage than the horses used here are accustomed to show. Even if Belgian cart-dogs are occasionally ill used, it is hardly fitting for English people to say too much about it, bearing in mind the conditions of the many aged and worn out horses we send in such numbers to Belgium. The prohibition of the use of dogs for the haulage of vehicles



ON THE BEST OF TERMS.

ill treatment as an argument against the employment of dogs in this country, where there are powerful influences working against cruelty and a strong and rich society specially concerned in preventing and punishing offences of this kind. If this argument were valid it could be used with equal force against the keeping of horses, donkeys and cattle. "R. A. T." speaks of some unfortunate dog which was wounded, but does not say a word about the numbers of noble dead or dying horses which now fill the rivers and fields of Belgium and Northern France. It is pitiful to hear of a dog suffering in war or in any other way. But is a suffering dog a more pitiful object than a suffering horse? With the new light tricycles and pneumatic-tired wheels a pair of good dogs could be made very useful, and they could pull a chair across drives and through woods where a horse could hardly be used at all. There are many good reasons why the working of dogs should be permitted; there is only one to be urged against it—that they may be ill treated. This can, and should, be prevented.—W. R.

DISAPPEARING LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Unavailing efforts have been made to save the delightful Tudor houses of Cloth Fair, which stood until last month by the porch to the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield. Now they have disappeared for ever, and you may like to put them on record by publishing the enclosed photograph. Another picturesque street vista has perished with them. These old houses, their upper parts built of plastered timber, looked down in the sixteenth century on the Flanders merchants who came to sell their wares to Londoners



WILLING BUT NOT CHEERFUL.

in Great Britain appears to date only from 1839, when an Act of Parliament forbade the use of dogs for this purpose within the Metropolitan Police District, under penalty of forty shillings for a first offence and of five pounds for each subsequent offence (2 and 3 Vict., ch. 47, sec. 56). Fourteen years later, in 1854, another Act extended the prohibition to the whole of the United Kingdom (17 and 18 Vict., ch. 60, sec. 2). Both Acts may be regarded as examples of sentiment run to seed, as it was apt to do in Victorian days. They were passed, no doubt, in consequence of some observed case or cases of cruelty to draught dogs; but there certainly were, and are, similar and equally strong grounds for prohibiting the use of horses for draught purposes. On the same principle, one might as well pass an Act totally prohibiting marriage because some men have been known to beat their wives. Even as late as 1911 and 1912, under the so-called "Protection of Animals Acts," which apply to the whole of the United Kingdom, the same provision was re-enacted so as to prohibit the use of "any dog for the purpose of drawing or helping to draw any cart, carriage, truck or barrow, on any public highway" (1 and 2 Geo. V., ch. 27, sec. 9, and 2 and 3 Geo. V., ch. 14, sec. 18). Apparently, therefore, the absurd idea that the use of dogs for haulage purposes is necessarily cruel has become stereotyped in the public mind. The fact is scarcely flattering to our good friends across the North Sea and the English Channel. It should be noted, however, that, under all these Acts, the use of haulage-dogs is prohibited on a public highway only. There is (so far as I can find) no legal prohibition of the use of dogs for the purpose of drawing carts, trucks, barrows, children's "go-carts" and the like on private property. Nor is the use of dogs as "turn-spits" in a "dog-wheel" in any way illegal. Apparently, too, it would be legal to use a dog, even on a public highway, for the purpose of drawing a barrel-organ or a sledge, or anything not definable as "a cart, carriage, truck, or barrow." Again, there seems to be nothing in any Act to prohibit the use of dogs on the tow-path of a river or canal for the purpose of drawing or helping to draw a boat or barge.—MILLER CHRISTY.



THE LAST OF THE CLOTH FAIR.

at the cloth fair. No part of London, save the Tower and its precincts, was so full of historical memories, but the commercial spirit which built the houses has now destroyed them and London is so much the poorer.—F. S. A.